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HALLIE RAY'S ENJOYMENT.

BY MARY E. COMSTOCK.

UNCLE FARNSWORTH came into the pleasant sitting-room of the Seabury's. The winter sunlight shone brightly through the plants and vines in the bay window. The charm of living, green things, or their representations, was diffused throughout the room. An ivy, weary of encircling the exquisite landscape over the mantle, had set out on an exploring expedition and climbed around into a recess, reaching out daintily towards some gracefully grouped pictures above the open piano, and crimson buds, lit up into a soft bright glow, gleamed out from the vine of the carpet pattern. A Franklin stove dispensed delicious warmth as well as cheer, and a low warble came from a sweet-voiced canary in an adjoining room.

Mrs. Seabury sat in a low chair, busy with her needle, and Miss Ella, the young lady of the house, stood with hands clasped behind her, gazing out on the winter view of hill, and plain, and stream, clothed in the ermine vesture of the season. Whether her thoughts were busy with the objects presented to her eye appears not. At the sound of the opening door, and cheerful "good morning," uttered in hearty tones, she turned slowly, and came forward with listless step and a droop of her graceful figure, very deliberately releasing her hand to offer the smiling gentleman, enveloped in great coat and furs.

"Are you not well, my dear?" and a depth of commiseration spoke in the deep-toned voice, while kindly eyes read her face.

"Quite well, uncle," and a certain martyr-like quality of tone was faintly combated by a rather equivocal attempt at a smile.

Uncle Farnsworth looked rather questioningly from the younger to the elder lady.

"Mother, can't we get back some sunshine here? This plant does not do as well as those yonder," and he glanced across to the window.

"Ella is not really ailing, I think," said her mother. "At least she does not admit that she is. She is spiritless without company. She misses the Atwells. I am sorry, on her account, that we are to spend the winter here. Though for myself the quiet is very agreeable."

"You should take exercise, my child," said Uncle Farnsworth, turning to Ella.

"And so I do, uncle!" and the young lady spoke with rather more spirit. "Yesterday I patrolled the south piazza for a half hour or more, and sometimes I go down and look at the Mills. I have been a few times to the post-office. Mother insists upon my going out every day, but it's very tiresome. I wish father would make haste and get the horses here, though I suppose it would be the same thing then; there would be no place to drive to!"

"Myself and ponies are at your service, little one; and you can start from Seabury Mills to go to any place in the world, as somebody else said of another place!" and Uncle Farnsworth gave anecdotes and chatted awhile on various subjects.

"Have you seen any of your neighbors lately?" he asked, at length, buttoning his coat as he arose.

"Neighbors!" interestedly exclaimed Ella. "Has any one come, then?"

"No new arrivals that I am aware of," looking for his gloves. "I don't remember whether David Stark's family was here in the summer or not."

As neither mother nor daughter were informed or interested on that score, there was no response on the subject, and the few parting remarks were on another topic.

Mr. Seabury, a man of extended business connections, had built a very delightful house here at the Mills, and furnished it for a summer home. Winters had hitherto been spent in

town, but summers brought them for a season, longer or shorter, as the case might be, in company with a congenial circle of pleasure seeking friends and relatives, to this romantic retreat, nestled among the hills, where fishing, hunting, sailing, and kindred pleasures, offered themselves at every turn. Mr. Seabury expected this present year to be longer at the Mills than he usually remained at any one place, and Mrs. Seabury had been very glad to leave town and have a quiet home winter. Kate Atwell, an intimate friend, had spent the first two weeks with Ella, and a gay party of friends had come and enjoyed the Seabury hospitality forty-eight hours, and brought in their relative positions a flavor of romance for the girls to talk about when they were gone. Later, Francis Atwell, a so-called, fascinating young man, had come as escort for his sister on her homeward way. But all this was past, and each week since, Ella had grown more listless, as was her usual mood when not under the influence of excitement.

"I am sorry you are so dependent on others for enjoyment," Mrs. Seabury would remark almost daily. "There are times in life with us all when we are necessarily shut into our own resources. I have tried to put off the day for you, for I feared you would feel it an evil one, but do try, my dear, to find a little satisfaction in books, or music, or work. I should like to know that you could do it." And Ella, who was usually amiably disposed, would make the attempt, and relapse again into passivity.

"I hope your uncle was not hurt by your manner," remarked Mrs. Seabury, when Mr. Farnsworth had left them.

"Why, mamma! I would not be rude to Uncle Farnsworth for the world!" and the young lady lifted her eyebrows in surprise. "Was I so?"

"You were very indifferent, certainly. I have no doubt he attributed your manner to indisposition, however. I should myself, did I not know that the arrival of company or some kindred excitement would restore you to yourself upon the moment. Really, dear, it will not do for you to confirm by habit this manner you are taking up."

"But, mamma, indeed, I cannot help it. It is so very stupid here. Think yourself if it is not. For me, I mean. You are older than I, and you could be content anywhere, where father is, of course. But with me everything is so monotonous. I must write Kate to send me some new stories, though reading does give me such wretched headaches. And it is very

forlorn just walking, too, mamma, for the mere sake of walking, and with no destination in view. I may as well wear an outfit of five years ago as of to-day, and it is perfectly immaterial whether I go in one direction or another so far as likelihood of encounter is concerned. There is no shopping to be done, and no shops if there were. There are no sights to see, and no calls to make. It's all one white blank." Ella really looked very miserable.

"I didn't think Uncle Farnsworth dealt in sarcasm," she resumed. "I really had a hope of something better when he spoke of neighbors."

"I do not think your uncle meant any sarcasm," quietly replied Mrs. Seabury. "He has been here a number of years, and really feels an interest in the people."

"What people, mamma? I did not know there were any here but the mill-hands and clerks, and builders, and such people."

"Nor are there that I am aware; but what then?"

"I do not see how a man like Uncle Farnsworth can feel any interest in such people, that is as society, I mean. But it's different with men. You never could, mamma!"

"I am so happy in my own home, I do not feel the need of going out to others as I might under other circumstances. I don't know but your uncle thinks we ought to know something of those around us, however, wherever we are. That's his way."

Miss Ella, be it remembered, had received her education at boarding-school; not one of those family boarding-schools where each member is under a real home influence, but one of those large city establishments whose high prices admit only the wealthy, and whose manner rather than matter is the acquisition. The young lady turned at her mother's last remark, and spoke with some animation.

"Oh, yes, mamma, I see; something as the English people look after their peasantry!"

"Mrs. Seabury looked blankly at her daughter. She was a woman of decided domestic tastes, yet of eminently easy, graceful presence. A sweet, lady-like woman; always in social life doing the right thing in the right way, from a certain intuition, without any depth of thought, any profound convictions or elaborate theories. She could not well have described the impression produced by her daughter's last remark.

There was more severity in her tone than in her words, as she made reply.

"That does not sound in good taste, Ella.

I'm afraid the influence at Madam Avignon's has not produced the right effect after all. Your ideas confuse me occasionally, very much. Some of my happiest days were spent in nearly as quiet a place as this."

"I know it, mamma; and that is why you are so contented. To me it is too insipid." The tone had lost in amiability.

The afternoon mail brought to the busy little hamlet a letter for Ella, from her friend, Kate Atwell; a gossipy epistle, some racy bits of which were vouchsafed Mrs. Seabury; but a long, confidential addendum Ella took to her own room to peruse, and a fair portion of the next day was devoted to the production of corresponding closely written sheets in return; after which the young lady having thus been interestedly employed for some hours, felt in quite a sunny mood, which lasted during the evening, and wrought music and cheer for the rest of the household.

When, however, a week later, Uncle Farnsworth called again, the prevailing mood had returned, which fact was patent, notwithstanding an attempted improvement in manner.

"I have not forgotten my promise, Miss Ella, though I do not know as you will deign to accept so dilatory a cavalier," he said gayly. "I have been at Hampton, and busy here at the ore bed, and haven't had a moment of leisure; but I'd like your opinion of my ponies to-day, and wrap up warm, little one. You'll trust her to me, wont you, mother?"

Very sweet and bright to look upon was Ella, in her rich furs and tasteful wraps, heightened in effect by the handsome plume; but Uncle Farnsworth insisted on multitudinous more folds of fleecy zephyr over the delicate little ears, and made sundry other alterations for her comfort, begging to know if "maiden meditation fancy free," made at the moment any acknowledgment or allusion whatever to "an old fuss of an uncle," and challenging her knowledge of Seabury breezes in winter.

Mrs. Seabury watched them from the window. "Let me sit with you, uncle; let me sit with you!" petitioned Ella, with sudden misgiving, as Mr. Farnsworth was ensconcing her on the back seat amid multiplicity of robes; but her cavalier had a non-comprehending manner which ignored any expressed wish.

"You are quite right where you are, my dear. I'll have company for you presently. There's a hot brick there, you can discover at your need!" and springing into the seat before her, Mr. Farnsworth gathered up the reins and gave the black ponies, dainty, pretty crea-

tures that they were, the freedom they had coveted.

"I wonder who is to make up the party," queried Mrs. Seabury, as she turned away.

Ella was a little irritated at having her request set aside so coolly, and too much engrossed with her own reflections to offer a remark, directly, had she been disposed to ask the question that came up mentally—"Who was Uncle Farnsworth going to introduce in this summary manner? and where was he going to take her? and why did she not decline utterly? Everything was so strange in this queer, out-of-the-way place. She didn't know what she thought of Uncle Farnsworth. She admired him in some respects very much; but it always seemed as though he might be about to do some strange thing, one never knew what."

Ella never noticed the picturesque view of the little village, as presented from the greater height they had gained, till Mr. Farnsworth called her attention to the same, and then she perceived they had left the main road, which had been gradually winding up the hillside, and had turned into a by-way that had the appearance of a lane.

Suddenly, as Ella was noticing the grove of pines gleaming out greenly from among the snows, Uncle Farnsworth reined to one side and drew up as a little figure, unperceived by Ella, halted by the way. A little figure in gray, and carrying a bundle.

"Well, Miss Hallie, what is it now? You always look as though you had just heard some good news," and a very bright glad face flashed out upon Ella from the crimson facings of an otherwise Quaker-like hood, that crushed down rippling curls. "You are the very young lady we are in search of," and in a moment Uncle Farnsworth was putting aside robe and alighting. "My niece would like to make your acquaintance, and we have driven up to ask you to drive to the Outlook with us. What have you there?"

"Only some books for Crissy Clarkson."

"We will leave them on the way if you will favor us, and glad to save you the walk; there are drifts in that direction," and Mr. Farnsworth threw back the robe.

"Oh, Mr. Farnsworth," with a sudden hesitation, "I ought to have told you I must be home before six!"

"I promise," said the gentleman. "Are you warm enough?" and in the same breath, "I always have an extra shawl," and he wrapped the warm folds closely around her. "I know, Miss Hallie, you are so sensible as to prefer

comfort to mere appearance." As the last fold was adjusted, a happy, child-like laugh rippled out on the frosty air.

"This is as good as a fairy tale," turning towards Ella. "Here have I been for two days dreading the walk to Crissy's, though I felt I must go, and now having summoned resolution to start, at the precise moment chariot and winged steeds appear and I am spirited off as by enchantment;" and she turned to bow to "grandma," as she designated an old lady who, at the sound of bells, had appeared at a window of the tumble-down house near which the encounter had taken place.

Mr. Farnsworth obtained a fleeting glimpse of Ella's face. It was involved in such perplexity, the young lady was so evidently ill at ease, that he engrossed Miss Hallie in conversation, a smile twitching at the corners of his mouth, and allowed course for a mental soliloquy, something after this kind.

"Would like to make her acquaintance, indeed! I am really exasperated with Uncle Farnsworth. Evidently this is one of those people mamma says he takes an interest in. She is really quite glib and at her ease. That merino sack is perfectly shocking, and she dictating hours to him with the utmost assurance. Who knows what awkwardness this may involve me in? I do so wish I were home!" and Miss Ella, who during the three years among Madam Avignon's young ladies had been thoroughly inducted into all the mysteries of sets and classes, and who had been one of the triumphant faction when the north and south wings had stood in belligerent attitude on a question of family, which by the way arose from a dispute as to whether a new-comer's handkerchief were genuine cambric or imitation, actually turned away from the gleeful little figure at her side, and gazed vacantly in the opposite direction, mentally regretting the day that brought her to sojourn in that "horrid little place."

"Oh, Miss Seabury, you are admiring the mountain! It is fine from here, but you get no idea of what it is from the Outlook. It's enough to make one happy for a week to go up there. You feel so high up, you know, out of the reach of all harm, and such a feast of beauty is spread out before you. I've never been there in winter, but the summer sunset views leave nothing to be wished for."

Ella naturally caught the infection of bright spirits readily; besides, she remembered her father's frequent position that nothing was lost under any circumstances by being polite; so,

though her voice sounded to herself out of tune and unnatural, in contrast to the leaping joyousness yet nice modulations of her companion's tones, she yet soon found herself talking animatedly. There is something very exhilarating in a sleigh-ride after horses to whom motion is a delight, and Ella felt the influence.

At Crissy's, Mr. Farnsworth was about to take the parcel of books from Hallie, and himself leave them at the house, when a look in her eyes arrested him.

"Please, Mr. Farnsworth!"

"Say on, Miss Hallie!"

"It was to see Crissy as much as to bring the books I came. If you could wait five minutes or less."

"More if you like," and he helped her out.

And Hallie sped into the low, brown house, and appeared in less time than she had stipulated.

"How is Crissy to-day?"

"Better—much better; sitting up the greater part of the time now. I've the loveliest bud from her monthly rose, turning to Ella. "She tucked it up in cotton for me. May I put it in your muff, please, Miss Seabury? I shall crush it. I would offer it to you, only I know you have so many flowers at home. I've seen them in the window."

They were driving now among the pine brush, and the sleigh-bell music was echoed back with that sweet, soothing, yet at the same time inspiring reverberation, that, when speeding over far-stretching plains of white expanse on unfrequented ways, gives one such a sense of delicious abandon.

Hallie's enjoyment was so sincere, and found so many original and happy expressions, that, through transmission, Ella's grew in proportion, and through the ready influence others unconsciously obtained over her, she was quite ready to express admiration she would scarcely have felt by herself when they reached the Outlook. Hallie knew the heights of the mountains that towered so loftily, and took pleasure in imagining from them the heights of peaks belonging to foreign ranges. "To see this in summer," she said, "helped one a little, she thought, to know what the traveller meant who told how, when standing upon the heights of Caucasus, he felt, as he looked over the eastern fields and valleys of Asia, as if Heaven had opened itself before him."

In Ella's "set," it was fashionable to admire certain things in a stereotyped, well-bred way. She had never witnessed such artless yet quiet

enthusiasm in one of her own age before. She was interested, infected, in spite of herself. She was surprised, moreover, at the shortness of the homeward ride.

As Mr. Farnsworth drove up to the door of Hallie's home, Hiram Sikes, on horseback, accosted him—"Carpenter, from Hampton, sent down word he would be at Jones's at half past five, and wanted you to meet him there without fail."

"He did, did he?" Mr. Farnsworth spoke animatedly. "Tom, what time is it now?"

"Six, lacking five minutes, sir."

"Ella, I am very sorry, but I shall be obliged to leave you here for an hour or so, if Hallie will admit you. It is important that I go directly in another direction. Hiram," raising his voice, "ride to Mrs. Seabury's at once, will you, and tell her that Miss Ella is safe, and will be home in good time."

Several rough-looking men stood around the door, recalling Ella's youthful horror in reading of banditti surrounding lone country houses; a dim light shone through the casement. Ella felt great repugnance to entering. No time for demur on her part was offered, however; she was helped out, and Hallie led the way into the house. The inevitable fried pork of such localities as they entered the hall sent an odor not the most agreeable through the open door which Hallie hastily closed on her way. At the end of the hall, however, a flood of cheery light burst upon them from another door. An old-fashioned fire-place lighted up a large, square room, devoid of ornament, indeed, but comfortable with chintz cushions, possessed of several shelves of books, and beautiful with neatness, in the Quaker sense of the word.

Hallie drew the most comfortable seat, and took the dainty hat and generous furs, but the young lady would not remove more.

"It will be but a little time," she said, "and I will not take the trouble."

"I shall leave you to Ike Marvel's favorite company," said Hallie, "while I attend to supper. I nope you will find it entertaining."

She re-arranged a brand, and Ella was shortly left to her own reflections, which the reader will not be puzzled to infer.

A sound of bells was heard, and Ella rose impulsively, thinking some circumstance had perhaps induced her uncle's earlier return. In her impatience she opened the door opposite the one she had entered. She did not notice the mistake in the dim light, and when she did, in righting herself she entered the kitchen.

"Excuse me," she said, in momentary confusion, "I thought I heard uncle's bells."

"Father drove up," said Hallie. "Come in if you like," and the while she spoke looking over her shoulder, she deftly tossed together some mixture on the large kneading board.

Ella, not comprehending which way to make most advantageous exit, remained stationary.

"Grandma was so good as to partially get supper for me. I was late after all. I did not set my hour early enough," spoke Hallie.

A placid-looking old lady sat in a rocking-chair, on a strip of carpet near the door by which Ella had entered.

"I was very glad to have her have the wee bit refreshment," spoke she; "though she always seems chirp enough whether she has any refreshment or not, for that matter. She's a Ray through and through—always was. If it hadn't been for my rheumatism I should a had supper all ready for her. You are Squire Seabury's daughter, Hallie says," peering over her spectacles.

"Yes, ma'am," said Ella, watching as by a fascination the shapely biscuits forming under Hallie's quick touch.

"Well, your father's a stirrin' man, a very stirrin' man; always keeps things moving wherever he is; does a great deal of good in his way; he's been the making of this place entirely." Ella thought that was a rather equivocal compliment, if so intended, or some such floating idea passed through her mind; her attention was so absorbed by Hallie's quiet briskness, as she dispatched tin after tin in the oven, that she had leisure for no definite thought. Ella had seen biscuit made before. She had seen her mother on some occasions engaged in that occupation; but this little figure, flitting about with such a noticeable at-home-ness manifested in every act, and casting such bright looks and words about her, was something new in her experience. The choppers from the wood, the banditti that had caused Ella apprehension, now entered. The addition of three heavily built men and a boy seemed to cause a remarkable contraction of space in the apartment, and Ella looked her embarrassment, perhaps, for Hallie opened a door. "This is your most direct route," she said, giving Ella one of her bright glances, and once more returned to the quiet fire-lit room. Our young lady consulted her watch and tapped the hearth-rug impatiently with her foot.

"It is quite time for uncle!" at length she said, and as she spoke Hallie entered, bearing a tray, that after the afternoon's expedition, was

tempting to behold; the identical biscuit, steaming hot, and puffed to twice their original dimensions, jam of perfect flavor, and pink slices of ham that looked the more delicate through contrast with the rich color of the brown bread, that held its own in the neatly disposed arrangement.

"Tea and biscuit for two!" chirped Hallie, arranging the simple service. "Let me bring this easier chair. You are or ought to be disposed to eat, I'm sure, after such a ride, Miss Seabury;" and the two talked and discussed substantial things together till a step was heard in the hall.

"Excuse me," said Hallie, hastily rising, "if I take an abrupt departure; I have tea to pour for the men now that all are come;" and Ella was left to her reflections and the company of the fire once more.

The ponies came slowly up the lane this time with drooping heads, and Ella heard no sound of approach till Uncle Farnsworth surprised her by opening the door.

"A little behind time, am I not? How shall I make my peace with you, Ella? A business man isn't fit to wait on young ladies, is he, little one?"

Now Ella, since becoming interested in the manufacture of the biscuits, had been really having a very comfortable time, but a remnant of her first irritation at Uncle Farnsworth, perhaps unconsciously to herself, prevented her acknowledging it. Besides, Hallie had treated her with a very charming courtesy, and she felt like saying, girls that they were—"Do come and see me soon;" but the strong influence of school years and vacations spent with Kate Atwell, held a sway that embarrassed her. So, except a question to Uncle Farnsworth, as to whether he was in time to meet the gentleman, she put on her wrappings, which she had concluded on reflection to remove, in silence.

"We expect to have a bee here next week," said Hallie, in her bright way, "and if you would like to come, we would like very much to have you."

"What kind of a bee is it?" asked Mr. Farnsworth, standing, holding his cap before him.

"A bee to help Crissy Clarkson. She has done all the family sewing for years, and the work is now sadly behind, and it troubles her. Crissy had a fall," she added, to Ella, "and has had to lie perfectly still for two months. If you would like to help we would be glad to have you."

That night, Ella said to her mother, upon

going to that lady's room to say, good night: "That little Hallie, as they call her, is unlike anybody I ever saw. I wish you could see her, mamma. I expect Dwight would take one of his odd fancies to her at once. Dwight is so extravagant."

"Only imaginative; he has a great deal of poetry in his nature," said Mrs. Seabury, sending a fond thought to her absent "boy," as she always called him.

"I don't know whether Hallie is pretty or not," continued Ella. "I don't know how she would look in a different place, and with her hair like other people's; it just curls and is put back in a mass behind; the easiest way, I suppose. I never thought anybody could do work as she does. I always thought doing servant's work gave one the look of a servant for the time, but she does it as though she wasn't thinking anything about it, but it must all come right anyway. She seems to know a great deal, too, mamma. I'd like to know how she would appear in society, for really, mamma, she is very nice."

"She was very polite to you, at all events," said Mrs. Seabury.

"Yes; and, mamma, I thought of asking her to come and see me, but perhaps it is safer not to. I would not like to have the Atwells meet her here, and it might be awkward in other ways."

"Why, most surely, you should have invited her," said Mrs. Seabury. "Your uncle would not have introduced any improper person, and you must remember things are different in a small country place like this."

"But I could not help accepting her kindness. I had no choice," rejoined Ella, with still a little reflection in her mind upon Uncle Farnsworth. "I do not think circumstances make it due unless I choose."

Mr. Seabury had been examining some papers in the adjoining dressing-room. He appeared at the door.

"I will myself take you up to call and give Hallie an express invitation to come and spend the day. I am more surprised than I can tell you, Ella, to find that you cannot recognize superiority wherever found."

"Indeed, papa," with some eagerness, "I said she was very nice, but one has to be particular about taking up people, you know;" quoting one of Mrs. Atwell's remarks, "and of course, living in such a way she cannot have any position."

"What do you mean by position?" Mr. Seabury's tone was very measured.

"Why, why," and Ella hesitated, unable to define her own. She supplemented presently, however. "Her family may be objectionable, you know."

"Her family," rejoined her father, "has been the making of yours in this generation, that is:—her grandfather gave your father his first start in life, when he was a poor boy, working by the month."

Miss Ella opened her eyes a degree wider than usual. "I thought our family dated back beyond the time of the Bishop, to——"

"Don't bring up pedigree, Ella. George has tired me of that," interrupted her father. "Ability and good hearts and works are all the characteristics of ancestry worth caring for, and the Rays have had those for generations back."

And Hallie came for the day as proposed; came in her dark delaine and rippling curls, and happiness all about her like a garment; came with that same wonderful at-home-ness about her which had been so noticeable in the busy kitchen. When the sleigh had gone to take her home, Mrs. Seabury remarked—"Really, one of the most refreshing young persons I ever met! She seems to have had a very happy life."

"Which, seldom as you make a mistake, mother, is nevertheless a mistake in this instance," returned Mr. Seabury. "Ray lost everything when Hallie was a mere child, and for educational advantages she went to a married sister, totally unlike herself, and whose large family was anything but congenial for one like Hallie. She has come home here and taken the greater share of the burden upon herself. Her father is doing better this winter, jobbing for us, than he has done in some time before. I should like to make up to him if I could, what I owe the family. They have had sickness; and one of the boys, through no fault of his, poor fellow, got into trouble; and there has been a great deal to try Hallie."

Ella went to the bee and worked on a child's dress, wondering what Kate Atwell's reflections would be if she were gifted with the power of clairvoyance.

A discussion of recipes arose among the good housekeepers, and Hallie was called upon to advocate her particular way of making crullers.

"It's not half the trouble," said she, concluding her statement of the *modus operandi*, "and, Miss Seabury, you are unprejudiced, you come and see if they don't look beautifully," and she led the way into the pantry.

"I wanted to tell you," said Hallie, "the reason that Mrs. Goodspeed does not answer you, is that she is deaf. You have to be very careful to talk loud enough, and not too loud, for she objects to having it thought that she is deaf. Now look at the crullers, Miss Seabury."

"Never call me Miss Seabury again!" said Ella.

"What shall I call you?" asked Hallie, very simply.

"Call me Ella."

"Very well," said Hallie, lifting a tray. "I like it a great deal better."

Ella told her mother that night she was surprised she had enjoyed herself so much. She had not expected to, and hardly knew why she went, only that nothing better offered itself; but Hallie was all the time doing things in such a nice, unexpected way, she had quite liked the afternoon.

One night, some weeks later, the girls sat together in Ella's room. Hallie had just finished and laid aside a piece of work, in which she had been setting little pearls of stitches. She came in her glad way—I cannot otherwise describe it—and sat on a low cushion beside Ella, looking beyond her, out from the low window, upon the snow-clad hills, and groves of fir, and river's winding path.

"Is it not beautiful?" she said, with characteristic, quiet joyfulness, as though she had found a new treasure.

"Isn't what beautiful?" asked Ella.

Hallie laughed a little, low laugh. "Well, everything—my being here to-night, for instance; but I meant particularly the look from this window, so peaceful in the starlight."

"Hallie," said Ella, "I wish you would tell me what makes you enjoy everything so."

"Do I?" asked Hallie. "Because everything has a way of being so very enjoyable, I suppose. I can't help it," with a comical little shake of her head.

"But you are so happy!" stated Ella, half as in remonstrance. "I've been watching you ever since I knew you, and I can't make out what makes you so."

"I have a great deal to make me happy," said Hallie. "A great many nice things happen to me, like your uncle coming for me to ride that day, and you coming here to stay this winter. Everybody is good to me, too; and better than all, I have a dear father and mother and home."

"I have all that," said Ella, "but I am not half as happy as you. I am nearly always wanting something that I cannot have. Don't

you wish for unattainable things? Are you always satisfied?"

"If I am not, I always know that it's not so much that I need more as that I fail to enjoy what I have as well as I might."

"How do you mean? in what way?"

"Sometimes I think I want a change, for instance. A change of scene and thought; but it is because I forget, for the time, how easily I can supply it through books. We need not, our very selves, be in one place always because our duties are, you know," said Hallie, brightly. "I have learned not to fail to read a little every day. I can have a book or paper by me to take up, you know, while I am watching the oven, or waiting for others to come to meals, or in the evening, when everything is quiet, I can read a bit and think about it while I sew. Although I do very nearly the same things each day I think about different things, and so my days are very varied. Sometimes I travel by recalling travellers' descriptions and referring to the book occasionally. Sometimes I go over the game European powers are playing, and busy myself calculating the next move; and sometimes I repeat poems to myself and learn a few lines of new ones, and 'their beauty makes me glad.'"

"But do you never wish for other things? I build castles; I wish for impossibilities."

"Yes," said Hallie, "I suppose I do. I get such a hunger for flowers sometimes, right in the middle of winter, which is very inconsistent; but I know there never could be more delicate floral beauties than Jack Frost gives us nearly every night, and I know I haven't exhausted half their variety and beauty. And then, wherever we are, (once Hallie lowered her tone, and there was a wistfulness in her bright face,) we can, through some means, plant spiritual flowers and make them grow around us."

"How?"

"You planted one the other day, when you gave me merino for Aunt Polly's hood. I made it and took it to her, and a spiritual flower of gladness sprung right up in her heart and blossomed out in her smile, and she said the Lord sent it, and she should go and hear the preaching now, and I'm sure I was as glad as she was. After all, such flowers live the longest."

"Well, this is new to me!" said Ella, and the two were silent for a little space, looking out into the starlight.

"One thing I think," at length recommenced Ella; "that keeps me from being happy, is that

I dislike to do things I have to do. I don't like to read to mamma; the books she likes are dry and uninteresting to me, and I don't like to write to Aunt Clifford, which mamma insists upon, because she has been kind to me, and I am her god-child, and oh, so many things I do not like to do. Do you like doing all the things you do?"

"Well," said Hallie, consideringly, "I seldom stop to think whether I like to do them or not. That is because I am so well, I suppose. Crissy's sewing, or any work, in fact, tires her, and makes her very quiet and weary looking, because she is not well. She is as happy in her heart as I am, though, and she likes to be busy. I think if we really understand what we are doing we usually like to do it."

"It is not because things are difficult, but tiresome, that I dislike them," explained Ella.

"I did not mean, understanding of their difficulties merely, but everything has a double meaning, you know," said Hallie, at which words Ella's puzzled look did not clear, however. "Did you notice that night in the kitchen one of the choppers, a tall man, with one blind eye?"

Ella did not remember.

"His name is Jaques Worden. We board the choppers this winter, because they do not lose as much time going from our house to the woods as they would going from the village. Jaques doesn't wipe his feet on the mat as the others do, and I think it is because he has only one eye that he drops his food and spills his tea. And sometimes for a moment I don't like to wait on him at all. Jaques has a very noble heart, however. He lost his eye in saving the account books when the store burnt, and no one else would venture. He never thinks of himself or minds danger, and he is so good to his little lame brother. All this flashes through my mind, and I know the dear Lord loves him, and would, even if he had not these good traits, which every one knows he has, and then I think it is a real privilege to wait on him, and make him comfortable. There are beautiful things about everybody, if we only knew it. I hardly know a person that I do not think of some beautiful thing they have said or done whenever they are brought to my mind."

And the girls sat there and talked in the starlight longer than my pen can follow them.

Gradually a new light came to Ella's eye, new elasticity to her step; new activities opened before her. When her father or Uncle Farnsworth remarked upon her happy looks and cheering influence, she not unfrequently re-

sponded—"It is only a reflection of Hallie Ray's enjoyment."

"Hallie is an enthusiast on the subject of living!" Ella used sometimes to say to her mother. "I cannot go so far as she does. I cannot feel each morning when I wake, such utter thankfulness, not only for preservation, but for creation, and that simple existence is matter for rejoicing under any circumstances; but I have certainly been happier since I knew Hallie. Everything seems fresher."

It would be pleasant to tell you how Francis Atwell, whom Mr. Seabury regarded as a young fortune-hunter, became alarmed at the brevity and fewness of Ella's letters, sent under cover of correspondence with his sister, in answer to his own; how he suddenly appeared in person, with said sister as aider and abetter, interrupting one of the cosy morning readings Ella was learning to enjoy with Mrs. Seabury and Hallie; how they brought the atmosphere of the world, with its elegance, and glitter, and high, bright nonsense, into the peaceful home-room, causing the ejaculation in the kitchen—"Hum! highflyers ha' got back again. Everything'll be highy toity now!"

It would be gratifying to tell you how, actuated by pique, caused by Ella's change of manner, which had resulted from a conviction she had been playing a part unworthy her father's daughter, the young man devoted himself to "that charming little piece of rusticity," as on first acquaintance he denominated Hallie. And Ella, having obtained some strengthening words from that young lady, also having been in private conference with her father, and having with due explanation given Sir Francis his dismissal as a suitor, this eager pen would fain picture the manner in which that young man shocked his mamma and sisters on his return, by deliberately declaring, in home council, that "Miss Ray was the only young lady he had ever seen for whom, in reality, he cared a rush; the only one with originality and independence of character in the circle of his acquaintance. Young ladies he had hitherto found pretty much after one pattern. Furthermore, he was unwilling to be longer trammelled by family pride and ambition, or even family necessity. He should act for himself!" Thereupon sealed proposals were posted direct to Miss Hallie Ray, to the great grief, chagrin, and excitement of the ladies of the house, whose consternation, however, was in due time unexpectedly relieved by a very decided, dignified refusal on the part of the young lady, who was pronounced sensible, though incomprehensible.

It would be a satisfaction to dwell on all this, but space remains only to allude to Uncle Farnsworth's hearty congratulation one bright morning, that his sister's household was "to be blessed permanently with so blessed a ray of sunshine," as he phrased it. For time had passed, and Dwight had come home from his distant wanderings, and proved that his sister's intuitions had, in one instance, at least, been correct regarding him. The "fancy" that he took to that little Hallie, domesticated so frequently in his father's house, was so very "odd" a "fancy" that he knew in his inmost soul he should never find another to couple with it, and though slight mention has been made of him in these pages, yet you know how the heart of his mother rested in him, and you know what he must have been when you learn that each heart at Seabury, as the large village is now called, thought him worthy, and rejoiced for and with Hallie.

ANGELS UNAWARES.

BY S. A. BELLOWES.

She moves along her quiet way,
No sounding music goes before,
No cymbals clang, no bugle note,
As heralded the queens of yore.

Her face is common; pure white brow,
'Neath glossy folds of chestnut hair,
Which now and oft some wandering ray
Of sunlight makes a halo rare.

She goes upon her quiet ways,
To clothe the naked, feed the poor,
To drive the wolf that hungry waits
From many a wretched cottage door.

Men know her not. Some word of praise
Will haply fall from careless lips;
"A hard fate her's, she bears it well—
How sad must be her life's eclipse!"

But while she walks the village street,
I seem to see an angel band,
Their faces lit with heavenly light,
Walk at her side, on either hand.

They whisper words I cannot hear,
But she, I'm sure, doth understand,
For in her face there gleams a light
That never shone on sea or land.

And when for her the fight is done,
No more by wearing troubles vexed,
Her soul in peace shall safely pass
From this dark world unto the next.

CAYUGA COUNTY ASYLUM FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN, AT AUBURN, NEW YORK.

[It is always a pleasure to direct the attention of our readers to those noble charities scattered over our land, which have for their object the rescue and protection of homeless, motherless little children. Such an institution, possessed of no little local interest, is the Cayuga County Asylum, at Auburn, New York. It has now been in operation some sixteen years, and the history of the manner in which it has been sustained is extremely interesting. Regarding it, one deeply concerned in its welfare, writes as follows:—]

FOUNDED, nourished, and sustained by prayer, we may truly consider our Asylum as the "Child of prayer." Many times, when our children have eaten their breakfast, there has not been *one mouthful* in our larder, for their dinner—but the food *always came!* Every time God moved the hearts of some of His children to remember the necessities of our orphan children.

Since the organization of this society, a large lot of ground on Owasco street has been purchased by the Board of Trustees, and a noble and commodious brick building erected at an expense of about twenty thousand dollars. The funds used for the erection of the building and purchase of the ground, have been received from collections and donations.

But in order to realize fully the great work that has been wrought in these few years, come with me to the Asylum, and let us see what is there going on. Look around our yard—large and pleasant, with beautiful flowers, fine shade trees and plenty of room for the children to play upon the green grass. How they do enjoy themselves here! Those benches and tables built under that group of trees, are considered by the children as their especial property: for there, when the weather is fine, they take their supper in the cool evening air, feeling just as gayly as we all do when at a picnic. Then, too, we are often visited by friends from neighboring towns, whole Sunday-Schools and Day-Schools together, teachers and pupils with their friends. These visits are always a signal for a holiday at the Asylum. Then these tables are loaded with food both solid and dainty, and our orphan children partake with the others.

Let us pass into the building. It is of brick, three stories high, and with ample accommodations for one hundred and twenty children. Passing by parlor and committee-room, through a lofty hall, we will go directly to the nursery. Here we find a group of little ones from two to

five years of age, looking as comfortable and happy as possible. Some are playing with toys, some building block-houses, others amusing themselves with balls and marbles, and in the midst of the happy *melée*, that little girl in the corner is rocking her dolly to sleep. The attendants are seated among the children, ready to minister to their slightest wants. Bright and happy as these little ones look now, each has a sad history. That little girl about five years old was brought here by the overseer of the poor of a neighboring town. Her father was killed in one of the battles of the late war, and her heartless mother has deserted her. No one can see her bright little face, and know her history, without pitying her sad, lonely condition.

This baby-boy, two years old, was brought from a neighboring town. His father is dead, and his mother is a worthless creature, leading a dreadfully dissolute life, and utterly neglectful of all her duties as a mother. The child is a bright little thing, and we rejoice that he has been rescued from the degrading influences of his former life, and placed where he can learn better and holier things.

Let us go into the school-room. It is large, well ventilated and pleasant. The children present a fine appearance when seated at their handsome desks. They look healthy and happy, and show the effects of the good discipline of their efficient teacher. They are busily engaged studying their lessons, but at the sound of the little bell every eye is raised, and from their lips pours song after song. The organ is a fine cabinet, made by Mason & Hamlin, and was a Christmas gift from kind friends who desire to minister to their *pleasures* as well as to their *necessities*.

This vacant space near the rostrum, reminds us very forcibly of little Clark. He was a motherless little fellow, and a great sufferer. His pale, emaciated appearance moved every heart with pity. It was hard for him to lie in bed all day, and he was unable to sit in a common chair, but a kind lady came to his relief, and brought him a small rocking-chair, all nicely cushioned. The child was almost wild with delight, and when he was seated in it, he threw his little head back, and commenced singing that little hymn—"Jesus' little lamb am I." Tears filled the eyes of all who beheld

him. He was jealously careful of his little chair, allowing no person to sit in it, and was so fearful that it would be injured that he insisted upon its being carried into another room and *locked up* every night. For several months he remained in so weak and feeble a state, that we felt that he must soon yield to the force of disease. We nursed him carefully, and he lingered until attacked by the measles. His constitution did not possess sufficient vitality to rally after that disease left him. Kind friends performed every needful office, and robed him for the tomb. His little hands were folded across his breast. In his grasp were fresh flowers and green leaves, emblematic of the resurrection.

Here in the school-room is held the semi-weekly prayer-meeting, which is conducted entirely by the older boys. Each child who is old enough learns and repeats some verse of Scripture of his own selection, and afterwards tells the other children what he understands to be the meaning of that particular verse. Sometimes this is done with very few words; at others the remarks are quite lengthy and very interesting.

From the windows of the school-room can be seen the *poultry-yard*, which is one of the important elements in asylum-life. The children are formed into a society, called "The Sigourney Association." This society was named for its founder, the lamented Mrs. Sigourney. Feeling a deep and permanent interest in the welfare of the children at our Asylum, she wished to give them some knowledge of business forms and habits, and for this purpose furnished funds for the purchase of a number of fowls, and organized a regular society among the children to take the entire charge of them. Several years have elapsed since the organization, and it has proved of great benefit to the children. Officers are elected annually, and regular accounts are kept. Eggs and chickens are sold to the Asylum. From a part of the proceeds of these sales, a Bible is presented by the society to each child that leaves the Asylum for a permanent home.

From the school-room we will pass to the bathing-room. We are very proud of this room. These tubs and basins, with their constant supply of pure water, as well as the furnace for heating water, were all purchased with the proceeds of concerts given by the children themselves in our neighboring towns.

Now let us pass through the halls and dining-room to the kitchen, where the white tables

and spotless floor put to shame many a private kitchen. How beautifully neat is everything! Now go to the dormitories, and see the rows of bedsteads (part of them iron) covered with their neat spreads. The pure, fresh air circulates freely. Wherever we turn, we find evidence that the children are comfortable and happy, for which we are greatly indebted to the efficiency of our excellent Superintendent, as well as to the good judgment of our Board of Managers. The ladies of the Board spend every Wednesday afternoon at the Asylum, mending the children's clothing.

As an assistant to the Asylum, in making known its necessities and giving information to friends abroad of its management, and the history of the little ones committed to its care, the Board of Managers issue a monthly paper, called "The Orphan's Friend," which has increased the interest of the public heart in the cause of these destitute children.

Since the establishment of this institution, several thousand destitute children have been received and provided with good homes. It has also been a temporary home for many children who are left here by their parents. During the recent war, many soldiers placed their motherless little ones here, and we took care of them until they were claimed again by the brave men who so nobly fought to perpetuate our Union. Only seven deaths have occurred among the children since the foundation of the Asylum.

Does not every incident in the history of this Asylum manifest, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the Lord is holding it as in "the hollow of His hand?" His watchful care is over us, and help is sent for every emergency. Sometimes dark clouds arise, and we know not in what manner our wants will be supplied, but assistance always comes.

No creed, save the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus, encourages the establishment of such institutions. Labors such as these are worthy of a Christian community, and all should rejoice over the result of providing a home for these little outcasts. Our Saviour emphatically calls His people to such labors. He saw around Him the weak, the neglected, the destitute, and said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto ME."

Do not live in hope with your arms folded. Fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put their shoulders to the wheel.

A HAPPY HOME.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

[We find in the *Herald of Health* this excellent article from the pen of Mrs. Dr. R. B. Gleason:—]

LADIES—We may truly say, with Tupper,
"Oh, happy lot, and hallowed, even as the joy of angels,
Where the golden chain of godliness is entwined with
the roses of love."

But when husbands and wives talk of their rights, of the other's duty, we fear they have fallen short of that high and perfect unity which makes one forgetful of self. Those who truly love are bound by better, brighter links than those of right, or duty, even. There are exacting women with whom a husband even never feels the freedom of love, but is always in bondage to courtesy or ceremony. I remember that air of triumph with which one of these opened a letter from her husband, written within an hour after she left him, saying, as she read, "There! I knew I should hear from him soon; for he forgot to ask me to write to him when he took leave of me at the cars, and he knew I would not send a word, if I stayed away all winter, unless he asked me to do so." To this I said, "It is not possible that you need an assurance from your husband that he wants to hear from you?" She answered, "No doubt he is always very anxious for letters when I am away, but he has got to ask for them if he gets them, and he knows it, too."

The way in which married persons speak of their life partners, is often suggestive as to the grade or character of the relationship they sustain to each other. For instance, when a wife says, with an air of contentment, "My husband is very indulgent," it suggests childhood, rather than intelligent, helpful, loving copartnership. Or when the husband leaves an invalid wife in my care, and tells me he does not want me to allow her to do thus and so, it conveys the same idea.

We often hear it said of a husband that he is fond of his wife; well, so he is of his beefsteak and coffee, and it seems as if she were placed in the same category of creature comforts. When a wife evidently wishes to say the least possible of her husband, assures us he is a "good provider," you conclude he is to her like the Dutch woman's husband, "the most convenientest thing about the house, except her new cooking-stove." Now marriage in its

true estate implies good providing on the part of both, as far as possible.

To sustain a good home requires not only a steady income, but an intelligent expenditure. A loving wife, with health and sense, will make the family supplies last like the widow's cruse of oil, but, lacking these, she will soon breed a famine or bring her husband to bankruptcy.

All cool calculations as to whether a man can afford to marry, grate harshly on the soul of real womanhood. As if a wife was to be an expensive luxury, like a fine house or a fast horse, that one must have a good income to sustain in proper style. We don't wonder that thoughtful, reliable young men are afraid to marry, lest they shall not be able to meet home expenses. The way in which our girlish graduates ignore domestic work; the smirk and sneer with which they shirk everything that helps to cover the body or supply the stomach, is enough to make one afraid to become a responsible partner with such. Poor pictures, poor music, and poor bread, make a poor home, even when it is warmed with an abundance of gay worsted work. Beside this, the way in which a multitude of modern wives whine and worry about their domestic cares, is enough to disgust any sensible man and make him dread family responsibilities. Yes, we are sorry that our best young men are afraid to marry, but we do not wonder at it. Now men's hearts grow dry and women's desolate, for want of that companionship which is found only in a well assorted marriage. Woman alone in the world often seems to stand as a cipher: at the right side of the right man she often counts ten; at the wrong side of the wrong man she is like a decimal, and diminishes him tenfold. If our young folks were as ready to begin housekeeping in a small way as their parents did, and the young wife was, like her grandmother, a helpmeet indeed, then they could go on comfortably, even with a small salary, and the number of indigent husbands and invalid wives would be greatly diminished. Beginning with a fine establishment, which in itself invites much company and calls for a retinue of servants, the young mistress fails, under the combined cares of housekeeping and maternity. If she has no children, she is usually worse off still. A story to illustrate. I was called to a

thriving town in the southern part of the State to see an invalid wife. The husband, a brisk man, with a world of business on hand, met me at the station. As we made our way through the finest street, to a first class residence, he told me this story, which is a fair sample of many I hear. He had married a country girl, in good health, who had helped a widowed mother to do their work. He had brought her to a home of abundance, furnished her with plenty of hired help, and though unburdened with business or babies, she had broken in health, and what was still more discouraging, he had brought the best of physicians, and yet she was no better, but rather worse. He was disgusted with the doctors, though they were his personal friends, and had sent for me to see whether he must always have a sick wife; if so, he must bear it. He loved her, and would be glad to make her well and happy, if he knew how, but he was unable to do either. Well, we found the invalid wife in an easy chair, handsomely attired, her pretty slippers resting on an embroidered stool. She was a woman of fine physical organization, power enough of mind and body to accomplish great good, if well directed, and to work much mischief if misused. It seemed that, without any acute sickness, or assignable cause, she had become dyspeptic, weak in the back, and unable to walk. She had been treated for all manner of infirmities, special and general, and still had grown steadily worse. When the husband took me back to the railroad station, he said—

"Do you know what is the matter with my wife?"

"Yes."

"Will you tell me?"

"Yes, if you are ready for the truth."

"I am!" he answered.

"Well, you are occupied with your store, your farm, and your mill, which satisfies your business ability, and as to your social nature, you are generous and kind, but not demonstrative. That beautiful wife of yours has nothing to do but to think of her house, think of her dress, think of you. The result is, she has all kinds of longings when you are out of sight, and no real rest when you return; for with your head and hands full of business, you have not much time for petting and caressing her when you are at home. Hence, when you are gone, she fears she does not please you, and gets a heart-ache, which, when it is chronic, begets all manner of aches, from top to toe, and especially stimulates, and often induces

that class of infirmities which bear the very disagreeable cognomen of 'Female Diseases.'"

The strong man listened to all this and much more, with the quiet deference of a child, and said, with a sigh—

"I guess you are right! Has she told you this?"

"No," I replied; "she is deluded with the idea that she is diseased."

"Well," said he; "what can I do about it? I thought I had done well for her, when I took her from domestic drudgery and placed her in this nice home, with everything at hand."

"Put you in such a place," I replied, "and thus cramp your energies, and you would be restless as a lion, and cross as a bear, instead of meekly dreaming yourself into desponding invalidism."

"Oh, I could not live so!" he replied.

Neither can a woman who has any real soul. When "olive plants" are plenty to care for, a woman may have head, hand and heart well employed. But in lack of these, she must have other work. We talk of maiden ladies growing selfish, nervous, and exacting, or, as we say, "notional," but I have seen more married ladies than ancient maidens who bear these marks. Husbands, over-indulgent, often intensify these peculiarities, and then grow weary of what they have induced. They often pet and circumscribe her healthful energies, and then wonder why she grows so weak and exacting. A very distinguished statesman, whom I greatly respect, was conferring with me in reference to his invalid wife, feeling sorry that she had lost her native energy and cheer. I told him she had nothing to do which would keep either alive. And so we had a pleasant parley, not on politics, but on woman's needs; he maintaining that his wife was much too delicate to do anything, and I, that she would be delicate until she did do something. But seriously, many good men, wise men, generous men, fail to see that they should help their wives and daughters to some encouraging, ennobling work. Infirmities, both imaginary and real, would be lessened, cured often, by some occupation corresponding with the needs of head and heart.

The sorrow and solicitude which many have from the fear that they are not appreciated, not loved, would vanish before useful work, like mist before the rising sun. Almost every wife sees in her husband not only some manly elements, which first won her heart, but also some peculiarities which try her spirit somewhat,

perhaps sorely. On the latter she often dwells till it wears and wears, and she says with a sigh, "I have one of the best of husbands, but he is peculiar, and don't seem to understand me, he was differently brought up;" or, "Men can't appreciate a woman's sensibilities;" or, "This is just what I thought I could never bear in a husband; if it had been anything else, I could have stood it better." Well, perhaps it is just what is hardest for you to endure; and if so, it is doubtless just what you most needed. Just as the intelligent gymnast, or skilful physician giving Swedish Movements, taxes those muscles which are debilitated by disease, so our mental and moral natures reflect its dormant power, and are aroused and strengthened by the bearing of that which we think we cannot and will not endure. As the German women walk strong and erect by the burdens they carry on their heads, so the Christian woman's spiritual nature is steadied and strengthened by every load she sustains well.

We have been surprised to see how strong and beautiful some women have grown, whose lot seem to us very hard; and we have been more surprised to see how weak and selfish some have become, who seemingly had multiplied social blessings. Our Lord said truly, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye might have peace." Not merely petty, poetical trials, such as over-sensitive ones find, and idealists make, but real, genuine trouble, which is hard to bear, and can only be borne aright by the aid of the Good Spirit. As to whether trials come as direct Fatherly discipline, or through the Prince of evil, as Job was tried, we will not attempt to decide, for, in either case, if we find the heavenly Helper, we shall be bettered thereby. The best of saints often seem to suffer most from sinners, and perhaps thereby realize the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the most perfect of peacemakers have passed through the most heartrending of trials.

Those who live merely to be pretty and happy, fall short, physically and spiritually, of that unto which they should attain. Those happy unions where both parties live to please each other, develop a devotion which is truly charming; but if they know no higher aim in life than to please, they are not strong in the Lord. Their piety is of the esthetical type rather than the self-denying. Women who thus live have a sort of refined selfishness, which often shows them to be very unlike Him who pleased not himself. When bereaved, their "idol is broken, their earth-star is fled,"

and they have to hunt anew for the heavenly Light which they once thought they had found.

"But," says one, "why do we find so many women delicate, diseased, in the most charming of Christian homes, with the most considerate of husbands at the head of the same—homes where all that wealth, intelligence and affection can do is done to make the inmates healthy and happy; where farm, garden, and greenhouse; where libraries, parlors, and boudoirs; where music, painting, and statuary, all unite to gratify every sense?" Such are truly overburdened by beauties and blessings. Excess enfeebles as surely as a scarcity. The life led by such women begets an over-sensitive nervous system. They fail of that muscular as well as moral tonic, which is mysteriously given those who live simply that they may help others more abundantly. Those whose chief aim is to beautify themselves and their surroundings, never find the true fountain of strength and cheer. We saw in our late war how much "weak women" could do when strengthened by the consciousness of a greatly needed work. Wives and mothers in private life are quietly teaching this lesson every day, and few know that their strength comes not from themselves, but with their work.

When husband and wife stand hand to hand, heart to heart, they are strong in the Lord and to each other. If we live in Christ, we shall both labor and suffer with him, because of this world of sin. Paul says, "Bear ye one another's burdens," and then, lest any should think by this that they might lean heavily, says also, "Let every one bear his own burdens."

LITTLE THINGS.

SPRINGS are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but see its use and powers; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of a large building together; a word, a look, a smile, a frown, are all little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt; if it is a promise, redeem it; if it is a shilling, hand it over. You know not what important events may hang upon it. Keep your word sacred, keep it to children; they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effects will probably be as lasting as life. Mind the little things.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

BY ROSELLA.

I SHALL never forget that glorious September morning. There was a blue hazy softness in the air that made the hills seem so far away, and beautiful, and quiet, as I imagine the scenery in the tropics to be. The earth was wearing her most beautiful robes, like a woman in the full ripeness of middle age beginning to wear sober colors, brown and gray, and the graver tints that so well become her.

And yet, with all this wondrous beauty around and above me, and filling my soul with a fullness of joy unutterable, I was troubled and sad for the very homely reason that I was in need of money. The baby's stockings were out at the heel, and out at the toe, past all darning and mending—and who can love a shabby, threadbare, scant baby?

If the little dears could only go naked, looking their best, and prettiest, and plumpest all the time, all curves, and dimples, and creases, and pink and white charms, it would be so much better than to clothe them, so that only a tantalizing hint occasionally reveals what is hidden.

I needed a trifle to buy him a pair of soft woollen hose. Then I was owing a dollar to a poor widow for washing, and I was afraid her flour-barrel was empty, or her tea-canister needed replenishing. Every night I thought of her, and feared the wolf was at her door, and I turned my pillow vainly to make comfortable my uneasy head. Oh, these little thorns! And I needed a dozen more of those nice fruit-jars. Perkins had promised to bring me another bushel of yellow peaches on Thursday, and where were the jars to come from? Other things were needed, too, and I could not endure the thought of asking Harry for money. It humiliated me more than any other favor I could ask of him. He was a cabinet-maker and a furniture dealer, and was doing a good business in our thriving little village.

In the night I had put aside the window-curtain, and leaning on my elbow, had looked at him, sleeping so peacefully in the moonlight, breathing such long, sonorous, restful breaths, that just for one little minute I had thought my lot hard to bear, and my eyes filled with reproachful tears. I had said softly to myself—"Harry might know I need money most every day of my poor life, and he should

think of this, and not expect me to ask for it."

In the morning the burden of my need lay yet heavily upon me—the beautiful September morning in which the earth was robed in her wonderful glory. I sat down after breakfast and combed my long brown hair, and as the soft coils slipped through my hands, my troubled thoughts got the mastery of me, and the tears came dripping, dripping softly down like rain.

Winnie lay on the floor pulling at his pinky toes as they protruded through his stockings; the playful kitten tapped its velvety paw against a stub of a broom that for weeks had been unfit for use; the unpolished stove stood staring at me as gray as a mountain rock; everything reminded me that I needed money.

Tossing the big round-headed rubber doll to the baby, I hurried out into the orchard, a breezy hillside slope that always did me good when I entered it. There was little Katie's swing under one of the tallest old trees, and I involuntarily smiled when I thought of the dear child swinging backwards and forwards in it, her golden hair floating as a beautiful mist about her, and her sweet laugh ringing out like an exultant strain of music.

As I stood there, leaning my cheek against the knotted trunk of an old apple-tree, glad of its very hurt and roughness, and of the jagged bark that pierced my face, I felt myself a hard woman, bold, strong, unwomanly, defiant. I had not looked up to the One who hears and heeds every cry of the weary heart; I had not held up my two hands to Him; had rejoiced in a sense of independence that was at war with the gentle nature of woman; and standing there in the autumn sunshine, I scourged myself with all these truths as though they were thongs in the hands of an unfeeling master.

But soon I slipped my hand softly between my cheek and the tree; a feeling of shame and unworthiness made me bow my head and close my eyes; and when I looked up the burden was gone, a sweet sense of rest and relief had come to me, the soft sunshine had chased away the shadows, and, rejoicing, I found myself standing once more a true woman.

I believed then that Harry was just the best

and kindest husband in the world, and I was so glad that I, Katie Spencer, had won him instead of that black-eyed, rosy-cheeked Milly Graham, who came so nearly to getting him. Unselfishly glad, just because I knew I was not a whining, fretful baby of a wife like she would have been to Harry, and he so good.

And, looking five years younger, I gathered my gingham apron across my arm, and humming the first glad air that flew into my heart, I began picking up some of the nicest apples to bake for dear Harry's dinner.

How foolish I had been! The Father was so kind to me; He had given me home, health, friends, husband, children, and wealth enough, with contentment; and yet I had dared, in the face of all these good gifts, to shed tears of ingratitude, and to repine. No sorrow is there if we look up in perfect faith to God.

While I was busy gathering with my hands and gleanings with my thoughts, I heard a joyful shout of "Mother! mother!" and there, bounding in and out among the gray trunks and bending boughs, came my little hoyden, Kate, her hat hanging by the ribbons down her back, her curls swinging, and her cheek aglow with excitement, and in her hand, which she held aloft above her head, fluttered a fresh, crisp five-dollar bill.

"Uncle Tat sent this, ma; he said maybe you would need it sometime. The way he got it was from old Mr. Dawson; he came and paid for that furniture that was bought by his sick son-in-law in Iowa, you remember. Pa and uncle said they never expected to get a dollar of it. Better than *finding* that much money, wasn't it, ma, 'cause then it wouldn't have been ours," and her bright face winced, and grew soft and tender, as she saw the changed expression of mine.

For years I had soothingly said to my troubled self, when my feet trod in gloomy paths, "*The Lord will provide*;" but somehow the sweet promise had slipped away from me within a few days. Multiplied cares had drifted over it, perhaps, and covered it up as with dead leaves.

Had I seen the money come floating down from a rift in the serene September sky, I would not have accepted it with any more reverence and gratitude, and with deeper thankfulness.

I looked on the clear, pure face of the bill, and there seemed no taint of earthliness or man's ingenuity about it, and with misty eyes and quivering lips I stood rebuked, and said aloud, "*The Lord will provide*."

THE FAIRY'S LOVE-LETTER.

BY INO CHURCHILL.

I WILL take for my vellum a scarlet rose-leaf,
With a delicate fringing of white,
A petal I'll draw from its velvet sheath,
And dip it in liquid light.

I will write out my love with such consummate art,
That my dearest and sweetest brownie
Shall see flecks of blood from each vein of my heart,
'Mid the golden tracery.

I will say to my love, be my own dearest one,
Thy lot with my happy one cast;
I will smother in honey a humming-bird's tongue,
For thy delicate, daily repast.

From the nectar of old I'll make a new wine,
With its essence and vapory cream,
I'll mingle fresh odors of citron and lime,
Distil o'er a fading moonbeam.

The soft, purple down the pansy holds,
For thy royal couch I will bring,
Of the sun-tinged dust in the lily folds,
Weave thy gossamer covering.

I will fashion thy robes of opaline spray,
Fringed and girdled with amethyst,
Of fire-flies' eyes from a necklace gay,
To hang o'er thy heaving breast.

We will revel in waltz by the sylvan streams,
A slide down the rainbow take,
And trip with light feet o'er the shimmering gleams
That glance from the moon-lit lake.

Then come to me, love, let my arms round thee
close,

And the tones from the sea-shell's home
Shall soothe thy charmed ear to the softest repose
Then come to my bosom, oh come!

A PERSIAN FABLE.

"ONE day

A wanderer found a lump of clay,
So redolent of rich perfume,
Its odor scented all the room.
'What art thou?' was his quick demand;
'Art thou some gum from Samarcand?
Or spikenard in a rude disguise,
Or other costly merchandise?'
'Nay, I am but a lump of clay.'

'Then, whence this wondrous sweetness, say?'
'Friend, if the secret I disclose,
I have been dwelling with the Rose—
Meet parable! and will not those
Who love to dwell with Sharon's rose,
Distil sweet scents o'er all around,
Tho' poor and mean themselves be found!
Good Lord, abide with us, that we
May catch these odors fresh from thee!'

INHERITING A LAWSUIT.

BY ELLA LATROBE.

EVERYBODY could see, as Mr. Charles Bertrand walked towards his home, that he was in a very unhappy frame of mind. His face was not an hungry one, although he was going to dinner. In the man's countenance who knows that a welcome and a hearty meal await him at his home, there is usually hope, no matter how long he has fasted.

But Mr. Charles Bertrand looked undeniably morose and gloomily angry. It seemed no sudden burst, but chronic fury; enhanced, no doubt, by some recent difficulty, but still the settled habit of his mind. He hated somebody. You could see that at a glance. The faculty of speech is but a small part of the means by which we make our thoughts and our disposition understood. The gait, the countenance, and especially the expression of the eyes, all show, even when the lips would conceal it, the man who cannot "digest the venom of his spleen." This kind of indigestion is beyond the reach of the faculty.

Charles Bertrand's friends spoke as they met him, but received scarcely a civil recognition. He was not absolutely rude, but he certainly was hardly courteous. Those who did not know him turned to look after him as they passed. To men who were at all suspicious, he appeared like a dangerous man.

He had just had an out and out quarrel. And the truth compels us to say, that the violence and the injustice were all on his own side. Against his own brother he had permitted his ears to be poisoned; and he had accosted him with such intemperance and fury, that for very astonishment the brother could not reply. And then, thus grievously hurt and wounded in his feelings, the assaulted brother, becoming angry in his turn, would not answer. A word or two would have made all clear. But Charles would not hear, at first; and Edward would not speak, at last.

And so they separated; each forgetting the injunction that we should not let the sun go down on our wrath. There was a cause of difference between the brothers, which kept them in a state of "suspended animosity." And it was found in that too frequent fruitful source of envy and all uncharitableness, a disputed will. Edward was the elder, Charles the younger brother. And, as if to leave nothing undone

which could make his children enemies to each other, the father had appointed the elder his executor. There were sisters, and nephews, and nieces, and other legatees. With codicil on codicil, provisions, peradventures, contingencies, whereases, reversions, and so forth, an instrument intended to be clear as day was made dark as night.

The immediate cause of the rupture and outbreak was one of the legatees, a meddling cousin. His interest in the estate was a bare hundred dollars. He was sure of that hundred, if he would hold his peace. But by a quibble and quirk or two, suggested by a pettifogger, he might enhance his legacy to one hundred and fifteen; and he was willing to set the whole family, and all the connections, at sixes and sevens, to accomplish that important result. Honest and high-minded gentlemen of the legal profession are peace-makers and good citizens. But from pettifoggers, suit-breeders, and strife-promoters, all ingenuous people shrink, as from reptiles. Pettifoggers are certainly bad enough; but they could do little harm, if they did not find clients. And those who employ evil lawyers are certainly not much better than they are.

On this very day there had been a hearing in the matter of the will. The legal functionary who presided had dismissed the case for the day by a decision on a collateral point; which decision, like many others, in the glorious uncertainty of the law, only opened half a hundred other side issues. There was quite a crowd of persons present, witnesses, principals, and others interested. And they had all been studying the case, and discussing it for half a year; all reaching such conclusions on all the points as favored and promoted their own views. If a little wisdom is ever a dangerous thing, it is emphatically so when prejudiced parties think they are made lawyers by connection with a lawsuit.

The dictum of the probate judge was like spark to powder. Ladies lost their dignity, and men their politeness. Young voices and old voices, gruff voices and shrill voices, male and female, rose by a double crescendo movement to such a pitch that a bear garden would be nothing to it. The very dust on the huge volumes of records rose with the breeze. The

countenances of the clerks wore a mixture of surprise, amusement, and terror. The thing was not unparalleled, but it was unusual. Disputing heirs seldom come in court to open collision. And if they do, they generally manage to retain some respect for the proprieties. But here all pretence at decency was set at defiance by most of the parties; though we must say, in justice to the larger claimants, that they preserved the only semblance of decorum which the scene presented.

The court enforced silence, and then administered such a rebuke as would not have been out of keeping in the police office, administered to "vagrants." But it was rather an astonishment to gentlemen and ladies representing the heirs to a large estate. We need not say that they were thoroughly and terribly mortified, and that upon the hubbub, instantly—

Silence like a poultice came
To heal the blows of sound.

The litigants retired without words, but burning in wrath against each other. When they reached the passages of the building, and the street, most of them were content to steal away in their humiliation. But the hundred-dollar legatee, above mentioned, managed to get the ear of Mr. Charles Bertrand, and a few words, artfully put, not in the precise form of a lie, but in the deepest spirit of falsehood, sent the brother down to his brother's office, and produced the unhappy encounter to which we have referred. It is unnecessary to repeat the language used; to condemn or to apologize for it. The condemnation is patent on the face. And as to excuse, the utterers never could make any even to themselves. As quarrels between brethren are most unnatural, so are they most bitter and exasperating.

After this scene, as we have said, Mr. Charles Bertrand walked home. He felt not a little ashamed, in spite of all his efforts to keep up his anger. And if the home to which he was going could have exerted a proper influence over him, when he reached it, he would have been calmed down. But Charles Bertrand had the unfortunate habit of carrying all his troubles to his house, and dwelling on them there; working up his anger to a double pitch, and lowering his despondence to the lowest stage. And Mrs. Charles Bertrand was one of the foolish women, like Job's wife, who aggravate their husbands' choler, and pour vinegar, instead of oil and wine, into all their wounds.

The will was not, of course, a new subject in Charles Bertrand's house. It had formed the subject of many family conversations.

Mrs. Charles Bertrand did not particularly like either Edward or his wife; and the will was the provocative, if not the absolute cause of her want of friendship for them. It is one of the characteristics of women to feel a wrong, actual or supposed, much more keenly than their husbands feel. The day's events, the decision in court, the interview between the brothers, furnished the topics of the evening's conversation. And Charles Bertrand grew more and more angry and hateful as the hours fled by, till he was ready at last to threaten that he would never speak to his brother again. He did not put the threat in words. For he knew, that if he did so, his wife would inexorably hold him to it; or else keep his unfulfilled word as a perpetual subject of taunt and reproach.

And yet Mrs. Bertrand was not an unamiable woman. She was neither unloving nor unlovely. Her husband and her children were the idols of her life. Of him, she thought more than he did of himself; and her deeper feeling in his sorrows, his difficulties and his differences, arose from her very affection. It is a misfortune when a woman's love is so imperious that it becomes an annoyance both to herself and to her husband; and her stronger will punishes when she would comfort. But that such a thing can be, many a husband can testify; and Charles Bertrand among the many.

And she was a devoted mother. Without the natural affections, and with reason, skill, memory, energy, ambition, and fixedness of purpose, what a terrible monster man would be! Perhaps love of kind is the principal distinction between man and the fiends. For, where one loves his kind, not like the brutes, from instinct merely, there must also be some love and fear of God, the Maker of us all.

Mrs. Bertrand left her husband still brooding over the last cutting thing that she had said against his brother, and proceeded, as her invariable custom was, to the nursery, before retiring for the night. And as she turned for this purpose, the shadow of cold dislike under which she had been talking about Edward Bertrand passed away from her really beautiful face, and her features beamed with the gentle light of a mother's love.

A cry of terror and anguish came from the chamber, and Charles Bertrand flew up stairs to find his wife frantic with fear, but incapable of moving, while she bent over the couch of their youngest born, and dearest child—dearest, because the youngest. Its countenance

was distorted, its eyes fixed, its cognizance of all objects gone, and it appeared in the very gasp and throes of death. Messengers for medical aid and other assistance were sent in all directions; and all the remedies and palliatives which skill and pity could devise were at once applied. The rigor of the attack subsided; either because its force was spent, or because of the means which were used; and the little sufferer lay, less ghastly, but still unconscious.

The pulses almost ceased to beat; the chamber was hushed and still as death. The physician stood at one side of the couch, the parents at the other. At the foot of the bed, and near the door, in the shadow, were several forms, whose presence was scarce perceived by the grief-stricken parents. These flitted in and out, sometimes at the bidding of the physician or the family; and sometimes they seemed to move of very listlessness. Whispers passed among them, which seemed fearfully loud in the silence, but neither father or mother could distinguish a word; nor did they wish to do so. They knew that whatever was said was of hope or sympathy; and somehow, it seemed to them that these friends, by their presence and their words, were helping the little sufferer back to life.

Hours thus passed, and the gray dawn had begun to steal in, when the doctor, who had scarce turned away from the couch for hours, lifted his head, and, with a sigh of relief, drew away from the bedside. The mother still gazed, wrapt and motionless, upon her darling. The father stole round to the doctor's side, with an anxious look, which the kind physician answered in a low but hopeful tone—"She will live, I hope—nay, I am almost sure."

"Thank God!" said a voice at their side, quiet, but distinct and fervent, as if spoken from the heart.

Charles turned, and Edward grasped his hand. The brothers fell on each other's necks and wept, and all the bitterness of their quarrel was forgotten.

So the All-Father sends us grief, to bring us back to ourselves and Him. Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. And with the joy, the cause of all grief is subdued by the cleansing and purifying of the Spirit.

The physician advised the withdrawal of all from the room, lest, on the recovery of consciousness, the child should be disturbed and bewildered. Only the mother would not go; for when did a mother's face and a mother's

bosom prove but peace and rest to her child?

The two brothers sat alone in the same place where the one had cherished, but a few hours before, hate, almost bitter, against him who had hastened, in his grief, to sustain and comfort him. Need we say that the reconciliation was complete? For it was made on the base of that admonition which reads—"Let no man seek his own but every man another's wealth." And as Mrs. Bertrand, a little later, presided over the breakfast, she wondered whether the hard thoughts, and cruel suspicions, and evil words of a few hours before, were not all a shocking dream, without reality.

The child did live. And Uncle Edward became his special friend. And he never knew that his uncle was not always dear, and always welcome. For even before the little one fully recovered from his illness, the disputes about the inheritance were amicably settled; interested and malicious counsels were rejected, and the brothers and sisters, seeking who most should yield, rather than who most should grasp, found their best inheritance in mutual affection.

HABITS are forming like masonry. Every thought seems small, as every brick seems small. And yet, I notice, in the building that is going up behind my dwelling, that, small as bricks are, one by one being set in mortar day by day, and man by man, the wall thickens, and rises, and solidifies, and the huge structure is piled up at last. Taken singly, these bits of burnt clay are of no great significance; but all of them together are of tremendous significance.

Now, a man's life is made up of little thoughts, any one of which is not much, but the multitude of which are like bricks in the hands of the builder. The walls of your character are going up day by day. And you are building, not alone for time, but for eternity.

IS IT CREDIBLE?—An exchange states that among the two millions of people in Yeddo, Japan, there is not a beggar or a man unable to read, not even a boor, drunkard, or a ruffian. The women are beautiful, the men are robust and energetic, there is no trouble about fashions; education is universal, books are plentiful, though there are no newspapers.

A CASE OF DOUBLE VISION.

WITH the conviction that the facts I am going to record are calculated to be of use to all business men, and to literary men especially, to whom the preservation of good sight is of vital importance, I shall sketch as briefly as I can the phenomena of a sufficiently distressing experience. I ought to premise that from infancy the lachrymal duct of the left eye has been closed; but the closure never affected the sight for a period of more than forty years, during the whole of which time I could see with remarkable clearness, and to a great distance.

In the year 1854 I was induced to undertake a certain amount of literary work, which, once entered on, could not be given up until the year had expired—although I had at the same time regular employment for ten hours a day. The writing had to be done in the evenings, by the light of candles. For a time all went on comfortably enough; but before the expiration of the third month, the sight began to be at times misty and disturbed. Then the disturbance grew worse. I could not discern the point of the pen as I wrote, or I could not see the word I was writing, while those just written were perfectly distinct. At other times I could not see the line that was being written, only those above it; and again, sometimes, what I can only describe as a *bar of nothing*, some three or four inches in length, and half as much in breadth, would accompany my pen as it moved along, effectually veiling its motions from myself. I could at first get rid of these hindrances, and of the frontal headache which accompanied them, by bathing the eyes, forehead and temples in cold water; but, as time went on, I had to use more stringent measures, such as turning the tap of the cistern on to the crown and back of the head, until the parts felt quite numbed. Even these means would not avail for long, and eventually I had to set to work of an evening with a wet towel bound round the head; and this practice I was compelled to have recourse to until the colder weather of autumn and the approach of winter enabled me to discontinue it.

When the year's overwork was done, the symptoms above described abated, and in the course of a few months seemed to have vanished altogether. It was not exactly so, however, as upon occasions I was made unpleasantly

aware of the possibility of their recurrence. With years I had learned experience, and was now quite willing to be more economical of the visual power. On the *venienti occurrere morbo* principle, I now kept watch against the first indications of disturbance, and by continual care was enabled to stave them off. I worked less, and took more recreation and more frequent change of air; and when I did work, I did not tax my sight so much or so long together as it had been my custom to do. In consequence of my watchfulness, perhaps, the bad symptoms did not recur for several years, and at length I lost all apprehension of their recurring at all.

But in 1861 I became low in health, suffering most dreary depression in the fore part of the day, sometimes, but not always, compensated by extra vivaciousness and hilarious feeling towards evening. Now it was that the visual disturbances returned, not only in their old forms, but in others quite new to me, and as disagreeable as they were new; while their visitations were so frequent as to be quite a nuisance, often preventing me from work for hours together. The old plagues, which I fancied I had got rid of, returned in all their force and variety, and now they harassed me, not only when at work, but at other times. The new phenomena were even more alarming. Sometimes, when sitting at my desk, or at meals, I would see but half of any object before me—the blade of a knife, or the bowl of a spoon without the handle, the feet of the servant and her figure up to the waist, as she seemed to wait at table without her head; or the shaggy head of the house-dog, as he went to and fro without his hind-quarters. Such broken visions were, however, never in my case more than momentary; I could in an instant, by an effort—and I always made the effort—bring the whole of the divided object into view; and the fact that I could do so was a great relief to my mind.

Now and then, when looking at two objects, I saw but one of them, or, if I saw both, the outlines of both would be blurred, as if interfering with each other. This defect I could not so readily correct, though I could do so by rubbing or bathing the eyes. Again, it would happen that while I was busily at work, a chance look at the floor would show me the carpet apparently raised a foot or more above

its actual position, nearly to the level of the chair-bottoms; it would never stay in this position, but would sink down again slowly and steadily as I looked at it. Or if I looked at the wall of my room, I would see it nearer to me than it really was, and that by a full half of the distance; at the same time the pictures which hung against the wall seemed to be partly sunk in the wall, their images not coming nearly so far forward as the wall itself. If, while thus looking at the wall, I happened to glance to the right or the left, it seemed that the pictures and wall-paper moved also to the right or left, their images falling in a confused manner on the objects occupying the new field of view, but fading quickly out of sight, disappearing in two or three seconds at most. I found that the best remedy for these unwelcome visitations was a run into the country for a day or two, and a temporary cessation from working and thinking; but the cure was now much less certain, and more slowly effected than it used to be.

By this time the long sight, the power of distinguishing objects at a distance, which I had once possessed in so remarkable a degree, had gradually changed to its opposite, and I had become near-sighted. For years past I had been using a concave lens for looking at distant objects, and was quite incapable of defining them without its aid. Still I used no spectacles, not feeling the least need of them, but reading the smallest print with perfect ease.

I pass over some subsequent experiences, which would be interesting if I could describe them accurately, and hasten on to the event which has been the cause of my writing this paper.

On a day in the second week of June, 1867, I had been writing sedulously from breakfast time to near sunset, when I became suddenly aware of the return of some of the unwelcome symptoms described above. At first I saw here and there a single letter only in each written word as it was formed; after a few minutes I ceased to see any part of the word until it was completed; in a few minutes more I could not see the line that was being written, although the lines above it were clearly visible. Anxious to complete the article in hand, to which, indeed, I stood pledged, I persevered in my work, with the determination to get it done before the darkness came on. I had almost finished, when that strange visitant which I had before described as a "bar of nothing," came and interposed itself between my eyes and the work

of my hand. But having only a few lines more to do, I wrote on, even in spite of this, and completed my task, having little doubt but that the long evening walk I intended to take, followed by a night's rest, would tranquillize the optic nerves and set me right again. It was just past sunset when I left the house, and walked down the terrace to deposit my paper in the post-office. I had taken but a few steps, and was looking at an advancing figure which I thought I knew, when, to my astonishment and alarm, I saw another figure, the exact counterpart of the first, save that it seemed twice as big, walking in the air at the height of some twenty feet. I soon saw, however, that the apparent increase in size of the upper figure was but a delusion consequent on its greater distance; for, as both figures approached, the upper one drew nearer to the lower without diminishing in stature, and yet coalesced with it, though not at all perfectly, the two together presenting a blurred image of a gentleman with two heads, one over the other; and under that grotesque appearance it passed me. If this odd vision had come without any of my previous experiences, my alarm had been doubtless great; but the familiarity that breeds contempt had in a measure prepared me for it. I knew at once that my sight was at fault, and I began to test it immediately with other objects. Looking at an omnibus swarming with outsiders, as it passed along the road, I saw its double running along in the air above, the two images separating farther and farther apart as they receded in the distance. I saw that every figure on the opposite side of the street was doubled in the same way, and subject to the same changes; that the houses were twice as high as they should be, some of them showing six stories instead of three. At first I imagined that the doubling of objects was confined within certain limits of distance, because on reaching the fields I found that a tree-covered hill, distant near a mile, showed without its double; but this was a mistake too, soon dissipated by the appearance of the distant hill far up in the sky, where I had not thought of looking for it. I walked farther through the suburbs towards the country, in the hope of shaking off the visual incubus, which much annoyed and bewildered me. But the symptoms grew worse instead of better as evening wore on. I detected myself in wandering out of the straight line as I walked, like one intoxicated, and I knew that this happened because I was constantly mistaking the doubles

of objects for the objects themselves. When I looked at the pavements, I saw double lines of flagstones overlaying each other and mingling together, and I saw my own legs and feet doubled at every step. As the lamps were lighted in the long suburban roads, they became confused in an indescribable manner—a chaos of red lights in the foreground, and streaming upwards like the tail of a rocket in the distance; and when the stars shone out it was in vain that I endeavored to recognize the most familiar constellations.

I came home early and went to bed, with a hope, almost amounting to assurance, that a good night's sleep, for which I felt more than ordinarily disposed, would prove a perfect restorative, and that morning would find me all right and ready to resume work. No such thing. I slept soundly and long; but in the morning the first thing I saw was the vision of four windows instead of two in my bed-room, and double images of everything around me; even—what I had not noticed before—my hands and fingers were doubled; the double vision seemed confirmed, though the slight haziness which had accompanied it the night before had disappeared, and all objects were now clear and distinct in their double existence. As I lay in bed that morning, I began to study the business a little, with a view, if possible, of getting at the *rationale* of it; but I could not make much of it then, being probably too much interested to weigh and compare the phenomena as I might have done had the case been another person's. But I learned something. I found that all objects directly in front of me were fairly doubled; if large and near, the two images overlapped each other to an extent proportioned to their size and nearness; if small or distant, the two images stood perfectly distinct from each other, and on the same plane. But objects not in front of me were displayed in a different manner. Thus, on looking at the pictures on the walls, I found that those on the right-hand wall, though doubled as distinctly as objects in front, had not their images on the same plane; the lower images stood in their right place, but the upper ones were farther off, rose high as they receded, and converged downwards in a diagonal line as they were nearer; and I could see that this diagonal would not touch the perspective line of the lower image until it had reached a point considerably in the rear of the spot where I lay. I was not prepared to discern, as I did on looking at the objects which hung on the wall to the left, that on that side the visual disturbance was much

less than it was in any other direction; the objects, it is true, were doubled, but the doubling amounted to little more than a blurring of the outline, unless the objects were very small indeed, in which case I could see them distinctly side by side.

At this stage of the business there was nothing else for it but to go to my medical man, and I paid him a visit accordingly. He did not give me much medicine, but treated me for a short time with mercurial laxatives and aperients in small doses; knowing my constitution well, he was chary of strong measures, and advised a cessation from work, a prolonged holiday, with change of air and scene.

Accepting his advice, I started on the following day to pay a visit long due to some friends in the country, trusting that the change of air would prove beneficial. Nor was I altogether disappointed. Spending most of my time out of doors, I gained strength from day to day, and after a time found that my disordered vision was assuming a new phase, considerably less severe and trying. After a few days the doubling of objects began to confine itself to a certain angle of vision. When I looked upwards all was right; there was no appearance of doubling in the clouds by day, or in the stars by night; though at all angles between ten or twelve degrees above the horizon, and all below that, the doubling remained as before. This improvement was gradual, and not regularly progressive—the angle of disturbance widening and narrowing, and being generally narrower in the morning than at night—the disease in a manner oscillating from bad to better, and *vice versa*, though on the whole the improvement was marked. I found, further, at this time, that by a powerful effort I could get rid of the doubling of the flagstones beneath my feet, although I could only do that for a few moments at a time, the effort being too painful for lengthened endurance. I had also learned ere this to mitigate the giddiness and bewilderment which so much distressed me, by closing one eye as I walked about—as, so long as I used but one eye, I saw, of course, but a single image of objects. I had more than a suspicion, however, that this was not the way to hasten my cure, and therefore I resorted to it only for the sake of ease and rest. For the most part I could manage, when sitting within doors, to see objects singly, even with both eyes, by simply placing the objects outside of the angle of disturbance, which I could do by sitting with my face inclined downwards, and thus looking up

at them. This method answered extremely well; so much so that I could sometimes fancy that there was nothing wrong—the smiling faces around the table all appearing in perfect single distinctness; but I was soon undeceived if for a moment I raised my face to the level of theirs; then the whole family appeared with two heads a-piece, one elevated about a foot above the other. Some days were more favorable than others. When I drove out for a ride, the air and the rapid motion through it produced an excellent effect, and at such times I always noticed that the two images were nearer together; on the other hand, when I had fatigued myself with too much walking, the double images would appear farther apart. My worst days occurred in the hottest weather, and were generally saddened more or less by severe pain in the forehead and temples, and a distressing sense of pressure at the back of the eye-balls.

Towards the end of June I ran down into Somersetshire, to the neighborhood of Clifton. There I spent the whole of the month of July, strolling about the fields, or wandering under the shady, leafy avenues. I had plenty of time now to study the phenomena that plagued me, and their effects upon myself. What in a manner surprised me, as it recurred to me again and again, was the fact that, though I have usually been eager and anxious to be doing, and always detesting even the idea of inaction and profitless idleness, I had now no such feeling, but was perfectly content to do nothing at all, and let things take their course. Instead of wanting to do the work which was waiting to be done, I rather wanted to sleep, and indeed could have slept almost at any time.

I attributed this state of feeling to the sympathy of the brain with the visual nerves, and the influence of their perverted action upon it. Of course I kept a constant watch upon my enemy, the double, while I nourished the determination to get the better of him. I was still aware that the visual angle to which the doubling of objects was confined was growing narrower, although but very slowly; and I had learned by this time that this vicious angle was at the narrowest when my digestion was in order and my general health at its best. I had found out also, that whatever might have been the fact at the beginning, the fact now was that the right eye was perfectly well and healthy, and the fault lay with the left one, which had not the power to bring down the image it received, so that it might be super-

imposed and blended with that received by the right eye.

At this stage of my disorder I was often the subject of optical delusions which would have been quite inexplicable to any other person. Thus, I would see a horse going up a hill, appearing quite right until he got within my angle of disturbance; then he would suddenly become endowed with two heads, and a moment after gallop off on eight legs. When attending divine service on Sunday, I could manage to see the preacher singly, by choosing my position so as to get him out of the vicious angle, through a certain portion of the congregation would always appear confused and crowded by the doubling. The reader may easily imagine what kind of view I had at this period of things in general, and the queer changes that all objects underwent to my perception, as they passed in whole or in part across my angle of disturbance. The thing which now annoyed me most—perhaps because more serious symptoms had abated—was the fact that the ground I walked on was always seen in the vicious angle; so that, when walking on a paved footpath, I could not walk confidently and comfortably. On the grass I could not detect the doubling, and on the earthy road it did not much signify; but on foot-pavements the lines between the flags were all double lines, arranged thus: _____, a yard apart at the left hand, and near together, but never touching at the right. I may mention here, what might have been mentioned before, that all along, the images received by either eye, dissimilar as at times they were, appeared to be quite correct when viewed singly; the only difference was, that the image of a landscape, or a street seen in perspective, when seen with the left eye alone, had its horizon line at an enormous elevation above its proper place, that elevation decreasing, of course, as the angle of disturbance grew less.

August saw me at Dudley, in the midst of the iron country, where I remained for a fortnight. My host had a large manufactory in active operation, and he took me to see his forges and puddling furnaces, and their ponderous produce. Whether it was that the carbon in the atmosphere strengthened my nerves, I cannot say, but at Dudley the angle of double vision grew rapidly less, and before a week had elapsed the doubling had ceased as a general thing, recurring only at intervals. The giddiness, however, and the frontal uneasiness remained, and any attempt to read for more than twenty to thirty minutes at a time, or to write

for the same space of time, was sure to bring on a feeling of bewilderment, under which I was compelled to desist. Further, although the double vision was gone, I could at any moment bring it back again. All I had to do was to throw my head back, and in that position to look at any object lying on the ground; at the same time a nervous feeling, common enough in such cases, but not easily accounted for, set me trying this experiment fifty times a day.

I could not consider myself cured so long as this capacity remained. I knew that by putting it in exercise I was most likely doing the very thing to ensure its continuance, and yet I could not refrain for any length of time from so doing. Fortunately for me, an interesting excursion was planned at this time, in which I was to join, and the preparations for which put my ailments for a time out of my thoughts. It came off in the pleasantest manner, and when it was over I had the satisfaction of discovering that I no longer possessed the undesirable faculty of recalling the incubus which had tormented me so long. Still, the disorder had not finally disappeared, but would return at times, as if under provocation. Thus, if I went suddenly into the sunshine from a shaded room, I would see double for an instant; and the same thing would occur on entering the house from the sunshine without. Also, any sudden shock to the nerves of sound would produce the same effect, as I proved by experiencing it after the discharge of some small cannons fired one evening close to our house, on the celebration of a wedding.

Towards the end of August I proceeded to Matlock, to try the efficiency of the hydropathic treatment in recruiting my general health, which had long been at fault. I felt that the establishment of average good health was necessary, if I would escape the return of my visual plagues; and I hoped to effect this by a few weeks' use of the baths. I shall not here recount the various moist ceremonies to which I was subjected. Enough to say, that in less than a week from beginning the baths, I had lost every remnant of my disorder, and had gradually "waked up," as it were, out of a sort of half-dreamy condition—had recovered my old self, and lost all apprehension of the return of my visual plagues.

To wish to do without our fellows, and to be under obligation to no one, is a sure sign of a soul void of sensibility.

"PLAYING DOCTOR."

WE ask the pardon of the "medicals" for relating the following suggestive anecdote, at the same time we invite fathers and mothers to "make a note of it."

"Harry was the son of a physician, and often amused himself by playing doctor, compounding his powders and pills out of the sand and gravel of the garden. One day, while thus engaged, a large toad hopped near him, and seating itself leisurely upon its haunches, proceeded to open and shut its mouth, as if inviting the doctor's attention. *It was catching flies.*

"'Good morning, Mr. Toad,' said Harry, delighted at the idea of having a live patient. 'Come to be doctored? Got de dropsy, p'raps.'

"Mr. Toad winked and gulped, as much as to say: 'Yes, sir, very bad.'

"'Yes, yes, I understand your case 'zactly. You jes please to wait a minute, and I'll cure you, double quick.'

"Now it happened that Harry had seen his father prepare some rhubarb pills that morning, and it occurred to him that here was a favorable opportunity to test their efficacy. In less time than it takes to write it, the aspiring young doctor secured one of the pills and dropped it into the open mouth of the confiding patient.

"'Guess I've fixed you now,' soliloquized the doctor. 'When I cures, I cures, and when I don't cures, I kills.'

"Mr. Toad gulped and swallowed, and began to bloat and bloat, until Harry thought he must be the very frog alluded to in his 'Reader,' that tried to outdo the ox. A moment more, and the poor patient turned a livid purple, gave one last gasp and expired. His fly-catching days were ended! His doctor had killed him!

"Harry buried his dead patient with a grave face, and sat down to meditate upon the virtue of compound rhubarb pills. Whatever was his condition afterwards, he could with difficulty be persuaded to take his father's medicines, always objecting upon the plea, '*They had killed the toad.*'"

A mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, which she told him was then four years old. "Madame," was the reply, "you have lost three years already. From the very smile that gleams over an infant's cheek, then your opportunity begins."

NATHANIEL GREENE.

BY C.

GENERAL NATHANIEL GREENE was of the fourth generation from John Greene, who came from England to Salem, in Massachusetts, in 1637. But the want of perfect religious toleration in Massachusetts and Connecticut among the first settlers (though they left their native land for freedom to worship God, and had suffered so many dangers and hardships for conscience sake), induced Mr. Greene, who belonged to the Society of Friends, to remove to Providence, Rhode Island, the same year, where the full enjoyment of religious freedom had been established.

Nathaniel Greene was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, in 1741, his ancestors having resided in the province more than one hundred years, and having held many offices of trust and honor. He was the second son of Nathaniel Greene, an anchor-smith, who, by persevering industry and success in commercial transactions, had acquired considerable wealth.

While young he was thoughtful, sober, and an excellent scholar; but as his father intended his own business to become his son's, his education was not much attended to, which was unsatisfactory to his noble ambition and his desire to qualify himself for high, manly, and honorable pursuits. By his own economy, he procured the necessary books, and at leisure moments he acquired a knowledge of the Latin language, with but little aid from an instructor, and his knowledge in mathematics and mechanical philosophy became highly respectable. He purchased a small but well selected library, and spent his evenings in regular study. As it was his father's wish, he had engaged in business with him, but it was too humble for his ambition, and too limited for his talents. His intellect was sound, penetrating and capacious, judgment and sagacity were its predominant features; and he possessed in a high degree the capacity to profit by observation and experience. He was quick and clear in his perceptions, prompt in his decisions, and forcible in his reasonings. For penetration and judgment, correct information and a discriminating mind, he was already distinguished in the circle of his acquaintance. He was affable in his manners, and agreeable in his conversation, and his society was sought by the most polished of the community.

At an early age, Mr. Greene was chosen to a seat in the legislature of his native colony. He was ever inflexibly opposed to tyranny and oppression, and his opinions, though temperate, were resolute and firm. In the councils of his country he advised resistance to oppression, and sternly declared for a redress of grievances by open resistance, if the rights of the nation could not be peaceably secured. This departure from the principles in which he had been educated was followed by his immediate dismission from the Society of Friends.

The war, which commenced in Lexington and Concord, in Massachusetts, awakened the people to vigorous action. Nathaniel Greene had, some seven months before, been the chief promoter in forming a military association in his native town; and having had no experience in arms, he commenced as a private soldier. Now Rhode Island was not behind her sister colonies in preparing for the war, and in a few weeks had raised three regiments of militia, and Mr. Greene was unanimously chosen to the command, with the rank of brigadier-general. He marched immediately to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where a few months later General Washington arrived, having been invested by Congress with the command of the armies of his country. Washington soon became acquainted with the character and merits of Greene, and consulted him in every difficulty, and received his opinions with deference.

A lasting friendship was formed between these two officers, and Washington frequently expressed an anxious wish that, in case of his death or disability, Greene might be appointed his successor in the supreme command; and it is known that a majority in Congress considered Greene, next to Washington, best qualified for the chief command. The intimacy, attachment and confidence between these two generals excited the envy of some competitors for place and favor, and efforts were made, by anonymous communications and other unworthy practices, to prejudice the commander-in-chief against Greene. But Washington had too much discernment not to attribute to their true motives these unworthy actions.

In August, 1776, Greene was promoted by

Congress to the rank of major-general in the regular army. He ever manifested in his movements great skill, judgment, and prudence, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the commander-in-chief and the councils of the nation. A British officer, to whom he was opposed, said of Greene—"He is as dangerous as Washington. He is vigilant, enterprising, and full of resources. With little hope of gaining any advantage over him, I never feel secure when encamped in his neighborhood."

At this period the quartermaster department in the American army was in a very defective and alarming condition. Large sums of money had been expended for its use, and men of high reputation appointed to administer it, yet in every branch of it nothing but poverty and disorder prevailed. Washington had pronounced it impossible for the army, in the approaching summer of 1778, to be adequate to an active and efficient campaign without an immediate and radical reform.

He even doubted its ability to continue in the field, and declared that the reform so much needed could be effected only by the appointment of a quartermaster-general of great resources, well versed in business, and possessing practical talents of the first order, and named Greene for the office, who accepted it, though he would have much preferred continuing in his command. His ambition was not so much military glory as to do the greatest good to his country. Order and regularity, under the direction of Greene, soon prevailed, which was felt by the entire army, and a vigorous and efficient condition of things being established in the department, he resigned the office. Compared with its former state of destitution, the army now had but few wants. The soldiers became more contented, and rendered more active, vigorous, and effective service. And Greene, on retiring from the quartermaster department, received the approbation of Congress, and the thanks of Washington. After the defeat of General Gates before Camden, the command of the Southern army was offered to General Greene. He had been recommended to Congress by General Washington, as an officer in whose ability and integrity he had the most entire confidence. The southern department included Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia.

Charleston and Savannah were both in the hands of the enemy, besides many other places which had been taken in rapid succession;

two whole armies had been captured or destroyed, and the wealthy States of Georgia and South Carolina had submitted to the British.

Greene was compelled to cover a large country with a small force, and adopted such a mode of warfare as would most effectually injure the invaders, and improve his own condition. To accomplish this, he advanced, retreated, gave battle, or avoided it, and in the end was triumphant.

The three southern States, that had been most essentially benefitted by his wisdom and valor, manifested their sense of justice and their gratitude to General Greene by liberal donations. South Carolina presented him with an estate on the Edisto river; Georgia, with an estate on the Savannah river, a few miles from that city; and North Carolina with twenty-five thousand acres of land. After the close of the war he spent about two years in his native State, and then removed with his family to his farm near Savannah, where he engaged in agricultural pursuits. He resided there but seven months. He died June 19, 1786, from the effects of a stroke of the sun, being forty-five years of age. The knowledge of his death caused universal sorrow in Savannah. All business was suspended, the stores were closed, and many houses draped in mourning. The remains of the deceased were conveyed to the city at the request of the inhabitants, and interred in a private cemetery, with military honors; but for want of a head-stone, the spot where the hero of the south was interred is unknown. Two months after his death, Congress voted unanimously, that a monument should be erected to his memory, which has not been done. He married early in life, and left two sons and three daughters. His oldest son, a very promising youth, was drowned in the Savannah river.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE.—A follower of Pythagoras once bought a pair of shoes from a cobbler, for which he promised to pay him on a future day. On that day he took the money, but finding the cobbler had died in the interim, returned, secretly rejoicing that he could retain the money, and get a pair of shoes for nothing. "His conscience, however," says Seneca, "would not allow him to rest, till, taking up the money, he went back to the cobbler's shop, and casting in the money, said: 'Go thy way, for though he is dead to all the world beside, yet he is alive to me!'"

DIVORCE.

MRS. DR. GLEASON, writing for the *Herald of Health*, on the subject of domestic unhappiness, says:—"A larger latitude for divorce than that given by our Lord, does not seem to me to promise more domestic peace. I note often, that those who have rushed out of an unhappy union on the ground of 'incompatibility,' are just as ready to rush into another marriage, seemingly quite as injudicious as the one they have escaped from. Wisdom, strength, peace, do not come by running away from trial, but by meeting it well. 'Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in, bear it,' says Shakespeare; so say we of marriage."

A few more passages from the same article, may be read with admonition to some, and profit to many. "If," says the writer, "our husbands are not what we wish—and very few are in every respect—we should try to help them to become so. Look at the faults which come from bad health, bad inheritance, and bad training, and try to make up in our own persons for all these deficiencies as far as we can; at least bear with a good spirit what we cannot cure. The charity that Paul defines is the best recipe ever given a wife to make home happy: 'The charity that suffereth long and is kind.' We are apt to expect too much of manhood even, and hence, instead of a pleasant surprise, experience a sad disappointment."

* * * * *

"Children, when they get into a quarrel, excuse themselves by saying, 'You began it.' I have seen many a wife, present and prospective, exhibit the same feeling, and so would not compromise her dignity by taking the first step towards reconciliation. So truly should we study for those things which are for peace, that we should be on the alert to apologize, or explain in case of a misunderstanding, even though we did not begin it. In short, we should not only be ready to confess our own faults, but also to help others to confess theirs. The first kindly word will usually loosen the tongue and melt the heart which has been frozen with hate, and from both will flow the milk of human kindness, rich with the cream of tender love.

"A wife once said to me in her days of darkness, 'Is it possible to both love and hate a person at the same time? It seems to me that is just the way I feel toward my husband. When he was tired he was rude to me. I know, by his increased gentleness of manner, that he is sorry, yet he don't say so, and somehow I

cannot get over it, and am so wretched. If he would only say he was sorry, it would drive away the shadow between us.' Yes, a pleasant word is most soothing to all women's sensitive points. So much faith have I in confession, that not only the wife, but the husband also, feels more comfortable after it—at least such is *my opinion*. So, whoever has a delicate tact at helping us to do this difficult duty, does good to both parties. Not only husbands, but children, need this help; indeed, so do all. Our Saviour said truly, 'Offences will come,' and gave the perpetual prescription for all time, 'Go and tell it between thee and him alone.' By neglecting to do so, husbands, lovers, church members and neighbors, are often permanently estranged."

Another extract, from the same article:—"The hurried life led by most men in successful business, with its competition, makes the temptation to stimulus very great, not at first from a relish, but merely to keep going when rest is needed. This or that scheme for money-making needs watching, and so, to hold the weary head at work, a glass of brandy is taken now and then. I fancy many a generous husband does this because he wants his family to live in as fine style as their neighbors, and longs to have the prospect of leaving them 'well off.'"

"Wives should look well to home expenses, and see to it that their extravagance does not tempt their husbands into plans for money-making which are not founded on Christian principles. All forms of speculation induce such intense solicitude as exhausts the nervous system, and then comes the longing for something to supply the lack. Should the scheme prove a success, alcohol must heighten and brighten the joy; if a failure, it must sustain under the consequent depression. It is said that many men go to the saloon, the club room, the tavern, because their wives fail to make home happy. This may be a temptation to go, but it is not a temptation for going. If a man has not chosen a good helpmeet to make a happy home, why there is the more for him to do there, and he should be on hand to do it. Out of the world of women he had his choice, or, if he did not, he should not have had any one, and now, in the language of the ceremony, he has her 'for better or for worse,' and, if he finds it for the worse, he should try and make the best of it at home and abroad."

HOW POETS STUDIED.

THE poet Southey, who is said to have been, perhaps, more continually employed than any other writer of his generation, was habitually an early riser, but he never encroached upon the hours of the night. He gives the following account of his day, as he employed it at the age of thirty-two:—"Three pages of history after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing), then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections and biographies, or what else suits my humor till dinner-time. From dinner till tea I write letters, read, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a siesta, for sleep agrees with me, and I have a good substantial theory to prove that it must; for as a man who walks much requires to sit down and rest himself, so does the brain, if it be the part most worked, require its repose. Well, after tea I go to poetry, and correct and re-write and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper." At the age of fifty-five, his life varied but little from this sketch. When it is said that his breakfast was at nine, after a little reading, his dinner at four, tea at six, and supper at half-past nine, and that the intervals, except the time regularly devoted to a walk, between two and four, and a short sleep before tea, were occupied with reading and writing, the outline of his day during those long seasons when he was in full work will have been given. After supper, when the business of the day seemed to be over, though he generally took a book, he remained with his family, and was ready to enter into conversation, to amuse and to be amused. During the several years that he was partially employed upon the life of Dr. Bell, he devoted two hours before breakfast to it in the summer, and as much time as there was daylight for during the winter months, that it might not interfere with the usual occupations of the day. Of himself at the age of sixty, at a time when he was thus engaged every morning at work away from his home, he says:—"I get out of bed as the clock strikes six, and shut the house door after me as it strikes seven. After two hours' work, home to breakfast; after which my son engages me till about half-past ten, and, when the post brings no letters that interest or trouble me, by eleven I have done with the newspaper, and can then set about what is properly the business of the day. But I am liable to frequent interruptions, so that there

are not many mornings in which I can command from two to three unbroken hours at the desk. At two I take my daily walk, be the weather what it may, and when the weather permits, with a book in my hand. Dinner at four, read about a half-an hour, then take to the sofa with a different book, and after a few pages get my soundest sleep, till summoned to tea at six. My best time during the winter is by candlelight; twilight interferes with it a little, and in the season of company I can never count upon an evening's work. Supper at half-past nine, after which I read an hour and then to bed. The greatest part of my miscellaneous work is done in the odds and ends of time."

Shelley rose early in the morning, walked and read before breakfast, took that meal sparingly, wrote and studied the greater part of the morning, walked and read again, dined on vegetables (for he took neither meat nor wine), conversed with his friends (to whom his house was ever open), again walked out, and usually finished with reading to his wife till ten o'clock, when he went to bed. This was his daily existence. His book was generally Plato, or Homer, or one of the Greek tragedians, or the Bible, in which last he took a great interest. Out of the twenty-four hours, he frequently read sixteen. "He wrote his *Prometheus*," says Willis, "in the baths of Caracalla, near the Coliseum." It was his favorite haunt in Rome.

The poet Campbell thus describes his labors when in London, at the age of fifty-five:—"I get up at seven, write letters for the Polish Association until half-past nine, breakfast, go to the club and read the newspapers till twelve, then I sit down to my studies, and, with many interruptions, do what I can till four. I then walk round the Park, and generally dine out at six. Between nine and ten I return to chambers, read a book or write a letter, and go to bed always before twelve." "His correspondence," says his biographer, "occupied four hours every morning, in French, German, and Latin. He could seldom act with the moderation necessary for his health. Whatever object he once took in hand, he determined to carry out, and found no rest till it was accomplished." Whatever he wrote during his connection with the "New Monthly," and the "Metropolitan," was written hurriedly. If a subject was proposed

for the end of a month, he seldom gave it a thought until it was no longer possible to delay the task. He would then sit down in the quietest corner of his chambers, or, if quiet was not to be found in town, he would start off to the country, and there, shut in among the green fields, complete his task. When sixty-two years old, he says:—"I am only six hours out of the twenty-four in bed. I study twelve and walk six. Oranges, exercise, and early rising, serve to keep me flourishing."

The biographer of Campbell has given us the following anecdote with respect to the oft-quoted lines—

"Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

The happy thought first presented itself to his mind during a visit at Minto. He had gone early to bed, and still meditating on "Lochiel's Warning," fell fast asleep. During the night he suddenly awoke, repeating, "Events to come cast their shadows before!" This was the very thought for which he had been hunting the whole week. He rang the bell more than once with increasing force. At last, surprised and annoyed by so unseasonable a peal, the servant appeared. The poet was sitting with one foot in the bed, and the other on the floor, with an air of mixed impatience and inspiration. "Sir, are you ill?" inquired the servant. "Ill! never better in my life. Leave me the candle, and oblige me with a cup of tea as soon as possible." He then started to his feet, seized hold of his pen, and wrote down the happy thought, but, as he wrote, changed the words "events to come" into "coming events," as it now stands in the text. Looking at his watch, he observed that it was two o'clock, the right hour for a poet's dream; and over his cup of tea he completed his first sketch of "Lochiel."

Proctor (Barry Cornwall) usually wrote in a small closet adjoining his library, with just room enough in it for a desk and two chairs, and his favorite books, miniature likenesses of authors, manuscripts, &c., piled around in true poetical confusion. He confined his labors to the day-time, eschewing evening work. In a letter to a friend, some years ago, he wrote:—"I hope you will not continue to give up your nights to literary undertakings. Believe me (who have suffered bitterly from this imprudence), that nothing in the world of letters is worth the sacrifice of health and strength and animal spirits, which will certainly follow this excess of labor."

THE PARISIAN BIRD-CHARMER.

PARIS, setting the fashion of the world, is at the same time the paradise of oddities. The man who most of all excites the wonder and delight of the habitués of the Champs Elysees, is a queer old gentleman, in poor, but clean snuff-colored dress, who every now and then comes to see and feeds the birds. No sooner does this thin, silent old man make his appearance, than a general twitter and scream of delight is heard amidst the trees of the Tuileries, and the birds swarm about his head, sit on his shoulders and hands, while others describe a thousand revolutions around his head.

"Who is that?" I asked of one of the group of people who stood by.

"I never heard his name; he is the Bird-Charmer."

I was almost ready to believe that he was a charmer, for he threw them a very few crumbs—a supply quite inadequate, apart from past and future favors, to produce the curious scene. I tried hard to discover the name of this man, but the Parisians are not curious about the names of their characters; they assign them descriptive names which suffice. For instance: "The man without a hat," "the Persian," "the bouquet-girl," and so on. The old "Bird-Charmer" spoke to no human being, kissed his hand to the birds, and quietly went his way towards the river.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Dr. Chalmers beautifully says: "The little that I have seen in the world, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed—through the brief pulsations of joy, the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose, the scorn of the world that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within, health gone, happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with him from whose hands it came."

WE are advised to watch our tongues, but, unfortunately, they are so located that we cannot see them.

AN Irish monk once called on his congregation to thank God that he had placed death at the end of life instead of in the middle.

THE HOLLANDS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XVII.

"SOME quiet how to cheat the devil!"

Edith Walbridge had been quoting Longaville's words to herself a good many times of late; always, too, with a little amused smile, but something hard and bitter under the smile. Once, even, she found herself writing the words on a card. They stared up at her there in a way she did not like.

"Nonsense!" she said, and threw the card into the fire, just as she would any small foul thing that had dropped in her way.

That the devil must be at the bottom of Duke's falling in love with Jessamine Holland, his eldest sister was quite ready to believe. How could it be otherwise when there was a Margaret Wheatley to be had for the right kind of asking? Had not Mason Walbridge's daughters been brought up to regard wealth as the one chiefest good of life, no matter how energetically their mother might have denied this?

Edith had learned something more—that it might not be easy always to combine wealth and the qualities most to one's taste in a husband's. She had a goodly list of offers in her own memory, which she could display on proper occasions. A goodly list as the world goes; but among the nabobs were several old enough to be her father. Indispensable as money was, the making of it or the marrying for it were not always agreeable.

Sometimes, to tell the honest truth, Edith was half repentant over her own engagement. Felix, with all those graces which made him the idol and herself the envy of so many women in her circle, must wait for the death of his rich bachelor uncle before he came into a fortune ample enough to gratify the ambition of his betrothed.

Should the golden river of Margaret Wheatley's wealth flow into Duke's channel, there was little doubt but some glittering streams might be diverted into the family pastures, where they would be very grateful.

So Edith Walbridge was not wholly animated at this time by pure solicitude for her brother's welfare. You will remember this, for it serves to explain the energy with which she laid her plot.

It seemed to Duke Walbridge almost as though some fate stood in the way of his get-

ting out to the Kents as the days slipped off after his return. Each one he promised himself to go, and each one there was some pressing demand on his time by his mother or sisters—of a kind, too, that he could not, without real ill-nature, decline to execute it.

One morning, however, he grew desperate, mounted his horse, and without saying a word to anybody, rode over to the Kents. At first he had refrained from doing this, with a feeling that Miss Holland's mornings would be closely occupied; but the evenings had failed him, and his heart was the strong, passionate heart of a young man, and Jessamine Holland was the girl of its love.

It was many months since Miss Holland had had a morning to herself; but this one Mrs. Kent was so far indisposed that the lessons were intermitted. Jessamine drew a long breath over such an unusual luxury as a whole morning to do nothing.

During these last days the weather had changed, the winds had blown from the north a stern menace of the winter that was coming, and in the evenings the frosts had walked silent as fire, and swift and strong as that also, among the leaves and grasses.

A chill, too, had crept in-doors, and Mrs. Kent had said the day before, with a little shrug of her shoulders, when her husband talked of starting the furnace—"Dick, let us fancy we are poor folks again, and have a real old-fashioned wood-fire on the hearth. I was brought up on that, you know."

Jessamine laughed that low, amused, happy laugh of hers, which seemed to have gathered into itself some tinkle out of silvery bells, some sweetness from the first robin's throat poured into the blue of a May morning.

"I have dreamt that I was rich, by those wood-fires so very often, richer than there is any probability I shall ever be, sitting by grander ones."

Once in awhile Jessamine turned the comic side of that old poverty-stricken life towards her. Every human life has one, and every healthful human being sees it also sometimes; but oftenest the girl's laughter shone through tears.

Mrs. Kent's wish, of course, was law with her husband, and the little household gathered around the fire in a merry mood, which soft-

ened as the fire grew and old memories crowded upon the three.

It stirred his boyhood in the heart of the man whose years more than doubled those of the fair young women on either side of him. He told them stories of his childhood, of his old mother, and of his hard battles with the world, and then went off on his travels around the globe, bringing close to their vision new horizons which lay out far beyond their narrow spheres, until the minutes slipped into hours, and the hours into midnight.

The next morning, when Mr. Kent renewed his talk of starting the furnace, Jessamine put in a plea again for a wood-fire, and she had it all to herself in the little sitting-room. Not without a run out-doors first in the autumn air, that stirred one's pulses with something better than champagne. It held now that cool, frosty chill which would melt in the broad noon sunshine. She had a race through the grounds to the pond which kept that great, solemn stretch of autumn sky down in placid depths; she even went into the little cockle-shell of a boat there, and rocked in it like a child for awhile; then she whirled herself out and up among the fruit-trees, gathering handfuls of ripe plums and pears, and then sweeping off to the flower-beds, plucked some sprays of verberna, and twisted the scarlet flames in her hair. She was like a child let loose after six months of mornings which she could not call her own, if she excepted the Sundays. She had to work off in this way the first intoxication of freedom, and came in at last with a bloom of roses in her cheeks, her eyes full of a dark beryl sort of lustre, and something in her heart that was like the gladness of robins when they sing for the first time in May mornings.

The great mass of glittering flame was alive on the hearth when she came in. Her whole face was alive, too, when she saw it. At a little stand on one side were some poems—Tennyson and Aurora Leigh. She had brought them both down last night, for the mellow sweetness of the ballads had been like wafted fragrance among her thoughts all day, broken into sometimes by the rumble of Mrs. Browning's words, like the thunder of the sea on distant coasts.

Jessamine took up one book and then the other, but she could not settle herself to read. Her heart was palpitating with the out-door life, with its vast spaces, its freedom, its untamed strength.

"I wish I was a gypsy, at least for this one day," she murmured, standing before the fire

with that live, flushed face of hers, thinking what a bright, swift, strange thing, fire was, too.

"Miss Jessamine!" The voice was at her elbow, and she turned with a start and a little in-drawn cry. Was she an angel dropped right out of Heaven, he half wondered, as she stood there with the little hat she had forgotten to take off, its brown plume shading one side of her face. The heat was in her cheeks which she brought from out-doors a moment before.

Duke Walbridge had come in so softly, that she had not heard him. They had not seen each other for several months, and they sat down by the fire in, let us suppose, a very brotherly, sisterly way.

"How well you are looking, Miss Jessamine. The teaching has agreed with you," he said.

The color came into her face under the strong, admiring gaze, but then it would have done so had Ross been in Duke's place.

"Yes," she said, a smile twinkling across her voice, as a little laugh did into her words, "I have begun to conclude that I have found my vocation, which is, you know, the first grand duty of life."

Duke Walbridge answered her in her own kind. It was wonderful how this young girl always struck the deep keys of his soul; whether of mirth and gladness, or pity, indignation, courage, strength, all the gaunt of his soul yielded to her touch.

"You have lived farther than I, Miss Jessamine, for I have never discovered any especial vocation except for being lazy."

She shook her head. "You mistake me there. One side of my nature is always craving a life of sensuous ease, a picture of mere color and grace, a lotus land, not only of the senses, but of the soul."

Again that look in his eyes, bringing a more vivid color to her cheeks. It made her a little uneasy, and with that unconscious motion of hers, she put up her hand to brush back her hair, and brushed instead the plumes of her hat. It was in her lap the next moment.

"How ridiculous! Have I been sitting here all this time with my hat on?" The sprays of verberna, like a thick swarm of fire-flies, quivering in her lap also. "The truth is, I was just in from a morning ramble, and brought some of the life back with me, and so forgot in-door proprieties."

"I saw that, Miss Jessamine, in your eyes and face, but indeed the hat is so becoming that I could not choose but let it stay."

Any of his sisters' gallants would have said

as much; but Duke was not a flatterer. When he complimented man or woman he meant it, and that gave weight to his praise.

The talk went after this to the summer. Duke was hardly enthusiastic over it. A good deal of it, he frankly admitted, was a bore, but then, girls must have their gayeties, at least those who have a relish for such things, and he supposed all did.

"I think so," replied Jessamine, a little doubtfully. "As to the gayeties, I hardly know, but the new sides of human life, and the scenery and all those things"—she drew one of those long breaths, that often cut short her periods, but gave them a completeness which no words could.

"You, Miss Jessamine, you?"—his gaze seeming to interrogate something which lay beyond the flushing of the face. "I was just thinking how much brighter, how much happier you looked than most of the young women who have flirted, and danced, and dissipated away the summer at the springs and the seashore; yet to most of these, the life you have led here would have been an intolerable drudgery."

Her smile answered him, bright and clear as sunshine. "It has been work, and that, of course, is not always so pleasant as play, but it has not harmed me; indeed, the world looked so pleasant in my eyes this morning, while I was out there among the leaves and flowers, that I could not help thinking what a blessed and glorious thing it was to live here at all. I was so unutterably happy. Only, only——"

"Go on, Miss Jessamine."

"I could not help thinking, sometimes, of those others who are lonely, wretched, wicked, in the world. Somehow, in my happiest moments—I mean those which come to me at times, and seem fairly to overflow with their peace, their wealth and joy of life. I seem still to hear that undercurrent of misery from the heart of the world, as I have been told one may hear, through all the light and stillness of summer afternoons, the far-off murmur of the ocean upon the shore, not near enough to drown the other voices, but still winding into them with its distant roar and restlessness, and so I hear that vague undercurrent of restlessness, bewilderment and pain haunting my happiest hours."

How she spoke after his own heart! Echoing the thoughts of his own soul! Think of Margaret Wheatley's saying that! Why the world outside of her own orbit was much to

the banker's heiress as the happiness or misery of another planet!

The talk last night with his family was still quickening in Duke's soul. It had been almost like an avowal of love, and it seemed to have steadied and braced him. The sight of Jessamine's face, the sound of her voice after all this silence, worked some magic in him. He had never thought of telling Jessamine Holland the story of his love, without his heart beating in his throat, and his breath coming short and hard.

He had that faculty of idealism which is so peculiarly womanly, and yet, without which no man is capable of the finest and highest love. This idealism wrought at times the bashfulness of a girl in the heart of the young man, and a large sense of unworthiness, which was forever tormenting the youth of Duke Walbridge. But some courage had entered into the man. For a moment, as he heard her speak, his love seemed to him a thing that he need not be ashamed of, that he should not carry in secret like a woman's, unwooded; it was a thing that did him honor; he was not ashamed of it before God. Why was he in the presence of this woman, before whom he could say, at least, his soul was honored in loving her?

So, leaning forward, he took both her hands in his—"Ah, Jessamine, I have heard that undertone of which of you speak, that echo of the world's plaint and misery has rung in my ears ever since my boyhood. And yet—God forgive me—if my eyes have been opened that they could see, while I have done nothing to help to save my kind. That is the worst of it."

The soft, warm hands trembled a little in his, and then were quiet, for she was thinking of his words rather than of his act.

"You say, 'God forgive me,' for not helping the misery.—I have to say it for a greater sin than that, Mr. Walbridge—for almost doubting His wisdom, His goodness, His existence even—setting up there in the great, white calm of His heavens, and letting that great, awful wail of humanity go up to him, and not stirring to help it—He, with the courage and the power. Are you shocked with me?"

"Shocked with you, my child!" she seemed like one to him for the moment! "when I have often asked myself, when looking out on this great muddle of a world, whether I was infidel or atheist—feeling, as Robinson says,—'the awful cracking of the ice of doubt under one's feet.'"

The tears came into her eyes, her smile shining across them, too. "That is it," she

said. "But it is only at times I go down into these awful abysses of doubt, and the grass in the fields, the singing of a little bird, the sunshine on the hills, all come, like the voices of angels, to refute my fears. I know that God lives, and so does His unspeakable Gift, the Christ he gave us."

"Yes," Duke answered her, "in my truest moments I *know* that, and I know, too, what that Christ's example was, which I do not follow."

"Ah! we can all say that"—with her sweetly serious face. "I have often wondered what I was doing for God in this world."

"You! you! Ah, Miss Jessamine, you are doing good that you do not know."

"Where? What? There is Ross, I know, but he is my kin, and I love him because I cannot help it, any more than I can help breathing; but it is the great world around me—there are so many hearts that need comforting, so many feet that stumble, so many who need a hand even as feeble as mine is to stay, or at least to point the right way. I cannot find my work, but I think one is sure to do that, if only one's heart is thoroughly in it. It must be, we are all here to do some good in God's world."

"I think so." Then his glance went over and fell upon Aurora Leigh on the table. After all, how much grander Romney Leigh's failure was than most men's success, even if it is the mighty success of dollars and cents. We sneer at the Israelites, Miss Jessamine, but our own age, with all its science, its culture, and its material advancement, is still at the old work in the wilderness, building golden calves, and worshipping them."

"Yes, my range is narrow, but it commands horizon enough to see that; yet, if there is great danger in having too much money, there is, it seems to me, a greater in having too little. I used to think money was the one good in life, when that poverty bore down so awfully upon my youth;—and, oh, Mr. Walbridge, money is a good thing—a very few thousands would bring back Ross to me!"

"A most necessary thing. The being born with a silver spoon in my mouth may work my deadly ruin, but I will never drift into that silly twaddle about poverty's allowing, in fact, the only Arcadian innocence and happiness. A man, with a luxurious dinner before him, may talk very prettily and very absurdly about hunger. Let him one day face the hard, grim fact, not breaking his fast with bread and butter. The life is better than meat, the body than raiment; but He who said this, did not

mean that it was good to go cold or starving."

This was strange talk between a young man and woman. Just imagine the Walbridge girls' lovers talking like this. They expected queer things of that smart, odd Duke, but I think, if they could have heard him this morning, they would have half-doubted whether he had not gone "clean daft."

And to think that all the graces, and airs, and charms with which men have been won from time immemorial, should go for nothing with Duke, while he should actually fall in love with a young woman discussing themes which would be admirable on a Sunday in the pulpit from a parson; but the idea of two rational human beings courting in that way.

"You say," continued Jessamine, "that the silver spoon may work your deadly ruin, Mr. Walbridge. Did you mean so much as that?"

"Yes, just so much. Look now at the lazy, worthless life I've been leading; for instance, this summer, dancing attendance on the girls from one fashionable resort to another, lounging through the days in idleness and luxury, a bootless search after excitement and pleasure. I knew all the time that it was totally unworthy of a man, and a man's life, this miserable frittering away of existence—growing cynical and bitter over the ambitions of people as silly and contemptible as your own. If I were the son of a poor man, how different it would all have been. I should at least have earned my honest bread by the sweat of my brow, instead of having other hands butter it on both sides for me, not certain whether my self-contempt had salt enough in it to keep me from spoiling. Do you think it has, Miss Jessamine?"

He had loosened her hands long ago, but he turned now and faced her with a kind of hungry eagerness working in his mouth and eyes, which told to a close observer that her answer was one of life or death to him.

Jessamine looked up, and something which she did not know, rose in her eyes. Something of that look with which tender women, whom we read of, have girded men for the better, or followed them to the scaffold. "Yes," she said. "I think there is salt enough to save you. I would trust you!"

Her voice was steady, her sweet, bright smile moved like a light held over them across her words. The sight shook the young man to his soul. A great longing to tell her all that had been in his heart for the last months, came upon him—the words clamored at his throat—his pulse flew at his wrist like a frightened

bird's; he rose up, for the first time in his life, his hand dropped on her hair, a soft, tender, caressing motion. "Jessamine, Jessamine." He could not get any farther, his throat was parched, the clamoring words choked on his dry lips.

"Yes," said Jessamine.

He did not know it, but Duke Walbridge's heart had put itself into that cry; its hunger, its hope, its fear. Jessamine heard it. She was a woman. She knew what it meant. Her heart leaped a moment, and then steadied itself. What was there to shake her whole being like this silent storm? Duke Walbridge would never say anything to her, Jessamine Holland, that she should be ashamed or afraid to hear. Her cheeks were brighter than the crimson of the fire; but her voice held its tones—those tones so full of sweetness, so suggestive of feeling and force underlying all the sweetness.

"Yes, Mr. Walbridge."

The next moment which died into silence strained his soul cruelly. It seems to me that such a moment always must, a man like Duke Walbridge. But when he spoke his voice, too, was steady, although one felt the passionate power which burned under the low words.

He was standing by her chair, leaning over it; she could hardly tell whether there were touches of his hand in her hair, but she felt his fingers close to it; their faces were turned away so that neither could see the other.

"Miss Jessamine, I have a question to ask you, which I have never asked to any woman; it is one which concerns all our future—a question the most vital to both of us. If I shall ask it, whichever way you answer, will you forgive me?"

She knew then what was coming. It was strange, she remembered it afterwards, how with all her fluttering, most maidenly, most natural, with her cheeks hot, as though the flames were close upon them, and her breath swift as one that leaps away from pursuers, a great central peace and calm entered into her soul.

"I promise you."

His hand—no—it was not that, it was his lips dropping on her hair a kiss, light and soft as the dropping of dew through starry nights.

"You have given me the courage to ask the question now," he said; but he did not. She was glad, and for him it seemed better to wait a little until the heat had gone out of his brain and heart, and he could speak or write calmly; and then, too, those words of hers had set him suddenly in a great heaven of hope. He drew

his breath with an ecstasy whose joy was almost pain; shining horizons were all around him; he was a young man, and the maiden who sat there was the love of his youth.

Then they turned, as by some mutual instincts, and looked in each other's faces, these two, so singularly fashioned by birthright of soul for comprehension, for sympathy, for entering into each other's solemnest moods, whether of grief or gladness, into all thought, aspiration, emotion; these two, standing still in the broad, luminous country of their youth—these two, to whom love would be something blessed, holy, immortal; which, alas! it is to so few men and women!

They gazed a moment, as though each was a new miracle to the other. Each face was stirred and luminous. For an instant Duke Walbridge felt that the right moment to speak had come now. He opened his lips, but the weight of joy at his heart pressed down the words and held them back.

If he had yielded, and spoken then, what might not have been saved to both of them! But he went away, with some instinct to be alone with his own soul and God just then, taking his leave of Jessamine in the old, friendly fashion, clasping her hand and holding it a moment, and adding over it, what the tones made a prayer, "God bless you!"

She was alone then, once more, by the fire; but what a changed world it had grown since she sat there in just that way. Yet it was a world hardly an hour old! Thoughts of her childhood, of her parents, of Ross, of Hannah Bray, swayed over her, and then everything else was swallowed up in the conviction that she and Duke Walbridge loved each other. What did that mean? It meant being one in heart and soul—it meant dwelling together—her breath gasping under the weight of her thoughts. She remembered, too, Duke's father, and mother, and sisters, with some tenderness quickening in her soul. Would they be glad or sorry over the son and brother's choice.

She knew—this little Jessamine—the things they valued chiefest—the gold and place. She could bring in no marriage dowry; but she knew how they loved Duke, and she hoped for his sake they would take her into the family heart.

At last, all these long, swift thoughts drowned themselves in slow, happy tears, sliding up from the great joy of her heart into her eyes, and wetting her cheeks; and the fire grew low, humming on the hearth, and gathered itself slowly up into gray ashes, and the broad noon

sunshine warmed the room. How happy she was, sitting there all alone! She would never forget that hour. It would hold its light aloft over all her future life—over all the cares and griefs that waited below.

What would Ross say, she wondered, her thoughts slipping off again, easily as tides slip upon the bare reaches of sandy coast, and take hold upon the rocks beyond. Would he be willing to give her, his little Jessamine, even to his dearest friend; or would he only feel that he had been rifled of the best treasure of his life; of her who had said so often—"I shall never love anybody as I love you, Ross."

She did not love him less now, her heart had only widened to take in that other. Was she good enough, though, for this great gift God had suddenly dropped into her life. All that only He and Jessamine knew of her faults and weaknesses rose up before her, and humbled her with an awful sense of ill desert. Let Him be witness to her resolve how well she would love, how wisely she would live with his help, the slow slipping of tears upon her cheeks, from great depths of her soul, broken up, and the fire dropping as slowly out of its bright, swift, strong life into dull, gray ashes, just as our own lives drop with all their bright, swift strength into the dark silences of the grave—only one part of our lives, "the meat and the raiment."

At last the clock struck noon. The girl started up at the strokes. She had not heard the low silvery chimes until now, although they had floated across the room for several hours.

As she passed Mrs. Kent's room on the way to her own, the lady hearing the footfalls called her in. The young matron sat there in her pink dressing-gown, a picture of pretty, semi-invalidism.

"Isn't it delightful to have a holiday once in six months, Miss Jessamine? But what have you been doing with it?" she asked.

"Not much of anything, I believe," replied Jessamine, thinking, after all, this had been the most wonderful day of her life, a miracle among all its commonplace kin.

"Have we had callers? I thought I heard a gentleman's step in the hall."

"Yes. Mr. Walbridge was here for some time."

It was nothing surprising. Duke was in the habit of coming to the Kents, and of course he would call soon after his return home. But it may be that Jessamine paused a moment before she answered, or that some consciousness throbbed into her tones. Mrs. Kent probably

could not herself tell why she turned and looked at her friend. But she did, and saw something in Jessamine's face which she would also have found it hard to name. But her instincts were keen, and though she said nothing, a suspicion entered her, which pointed to the truth.

Notwithstanding her weakness on Greek, which had been unfortunately displayed at one time, Mrs. Kent had a native delicacy which prevented any utterance of her thoughts on this matter, even in a jest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

That night Duke Walbridge wrote a letter to Jessamine Holland. His whole soul throbbed in every word, for he was too proud to hold anything back; not a long letter, but its passion of tenderness, its hope, its humility, were of the sort which weld themselves into brief sentences, quick with life. Whatever her answer would be, Duke Walbridge could depend on the soul of the woman to whom his soul was speaking. He did not woo her with any soft phrases, with any lover's fine talk and flatteries; he would not so wrong her; he did not even woo her with many promises; far less did he sue abjectly for what one felt was more to him than life. He wanted no gift out of her pity; if there was no voice in her own heart to plead for him more eloquently than his words, then Duke Walbridge must put away the gift, even though that gift were the hand of Jessamine Holland.

Yet he left her in no doubt what she could be to him; how his soul needed her, as souls of all men who can love highest and truest need the soul of some other woman, after their own kind, as Hamlet needed Ophelia, as Romney Leigh needed Aurora, or as men who have no high gifts nor great place in the world need women whose purity and tenderness shall inspire and ennoble whatever of best is in them.

Yet he did not spare himself. Duke Walbridge's worst enemy would hardly have dealt so harshly with his faults and weaknesses as he did, as only he would do it, too, to God and the woman that he loved—there being this power in the man, his better self could always look down with a strong scorn on his lover, few, alas! having the clear vision of Duke Walbridge.

So he asked her if, knowing all this, his pitiable sin and weakness, she could come to his need and help him, not for pity's sake, but for love's. If she could, or could not, let her send some sign, either by words or silence, such as suited her best.

He laid the letter away when it was finished, in his writing-cabinet, locking that and tossing the key into a small tray of carved woods, which he had picked up in Switzerland, and then a new calm entered his soul, stilling all its hot fever of doubt and disquiet. It was too late to send the letter that day, he would wait until the morrow.

Meanwhile, vigilant eyes kept watch on him. Edith Walbridge had managed most adroitly to keep Duke from visiting the Kents for nearly a week after their return home. But the delay must have an end, and even Edith, with all her skill, could not have succeeded without the co-operation of her mother and elder sisters.

He had, of course, no suspicion of the influences at work to keep him from Jessamine Holland. But he would make his own opportunity to see her. Trust Duke Walbridge for accomplishing that on which he had set his heart.

Edith, narrowly watching, saw that he was absent at table; if he jested with the girls, his heart was not in it. She knew her brother.

Where had Duke been that morning? If she could only keep guard over him all the time!

Suddenly Eva spoke. "We have none of us called upon Miss Holland since our return. It is quite too bad. Duke, will you drive Kate and me out to the Kents after dinner?"

"I saw Miss Holland this morning," replied Duke.

"Oh, you did," thought Edith. "I suspected as much from your manner, young man."

Other people at the table had their thoughts too, but each one kept silent.

"Why didn't you let us know you were going, so that we might send Miss Holland some messages?" said Kate, who was in the family secret, and quite provoked that her brother had stolen this march upon them.

"I never thought of that, Kate; but you will drive out soon and take them yourself."

"Did she have no messages for us?" asked Mrs. Walbridge, who would have found it a slight relief to her feelings to convict Miss Holland of a want of courtesy, in default of anything stronger to bring against her.

"She made very kind inquiries after you all; but she had learned of our return two days ago, and naturally waited to hear from some of us."

To all this no objection could be urged. Edith succeeded in ascertaining that her brother had not seen Mrs. Kent.

"Duke and Jessamine must have had a long *tête-à-tête* together, then. What had passed between them?" She scrutinized him more narrowly than ever.

After dinner he went off to his chair with a book, but he did not read it. He only sat there silent and absorbed.

"Why didn't you come down stairs when we sent for you to see the Murrays—the first time they have called since our return?" asked Gertrude.

"Because"—a moment's pause, but subterfuge was not in Duke's line—"I had some writing to do, and wished to finish it."

Edith was wide awake. What writing had Duke to do important enough to keep him up stairs a couple of hours after his return from a call on Jessamine Holland? She was alive now to every straw that blew in her way.

After awhile Duke rose up and went out. Edith went also to the door and listened, she hardly could have told why, but she heard her brother inquire of the chambermaid whether Jack, the coachman, had come in.

Her affirmative sent him down into the kitchen. Edith had never constituted herself her brother's keeper, but now her suspicions were all alert.

After a short parley with the coachman, she heard her brother go out, and slipped down stairs.

"Jack, what was it that Mr. Duke wanted of you just now?" demanded Edith Walbridge in her imperious way, her eyes holding the man's face.

He shuffled uneasily, put one heavy foot before the other, shrugged his broad shoulders, and at last stammered out—"I—he said I was to say nothing about it."

Jack was fond of his young master, and wished to be loyal to him.

"No matter what he said, Jack; I know enough now to be resolved to get at the whole. He wanted you to do some private errand for him to-morrow."

It was not an easy thing to resist Edith Walbridge, even had keener brains and stronger will than Jack the coachman's entered the lists against her.

"As you knew it beforehand, it isn't betrayin' Mr. Duke to say that was what he wanted."

"And the private errand was to go out to the Kents?"

"You seem to know all about it, Miss Edith."

Jack was no little perplexed in his turn,

and uncomfortable, too, betwixt his loyalty to Duke and his awe of the imperious young woman.

Edith herself was a little startled at this confirmation of her worst fears. "Jack," she continued with the tone and air of a lawyer, who is bent on frightening a reluctant witness into disclosing whatever facts may be in his possession, "did Duke tell you what your errand was to be out there at the Kents?"

Jack drew a long breath of relief. "No, on my honor, Miss Edith, he never breathed a word there. He only said I was to ride out for him the first thing in the morning. I should know what the errand was when the time came."

Edith was satisfied that she had forced out of stumbling, well-meaning Jack, who was much more at home managing a vicious horse, than he was with an intriguing woman—all that he had to tell.

With a peremptory charge not to repeat a syllable of her questions to her brother, Edith went up-stairs slowly. She paused a moment, doubtfully, at the drawing-room door, and listened to the merry hum inside, and then, her face settling into something hard and dark, she brought down her clinched hand on the knob. "I shall ask nobody's advice at this crisis. I shall act at once. The time is short now;" and she went on with her dark, resolute face, past her own room to her brother's.

The door here was always unlocked. The gas through the ground glass made a light like that of misty moonshine through the room. Edith went straight to the cabinet, found the key lying loose in the tray. Duke Walbridge would as soon thought of hiding his purse from his mother and sisters, lest they should pilfer its contents, as to dream of their using the key to his cabinet during his absence.

Edith's heart beat fast. She had never felt like a thief before in her life. She had to say to her conscience—"I am compelled to do it; Duke has no right to sacrifice his whole family to that miserable girl."

Then, with steady fingers, she set the key in the lock, and turned it. She opened the drawer, and a few moment's search drew out the letter, laid carefully away in a box, in one corner, the letter not yet so much as folded.

Edith brightened the light, and standing there, she went over all that Duke had written to Jessamine Holland, line by line, word by word; her breath coming faster, her face growing whiter all the time. When she was done, she sat down in a chair. "It is worse than I

thought," she said. "He loves her like that—like that!" the words coming slowly, as though each one hung a weight upon her lips.

Then she sat silent. No need to strain her ear for a footstep. Duke's tread along the hall always rung loud and swift, and he would not be likely to return soon.

She saw the stars holy and bright, and afar off. What wonder her brother had carried his burdened thoughts and heart to the great silence and sympathy. Outside something, unsteady, something like trouble or relenting came into Edith's face. Such a letter—the story of such a love wrought its power on her for awhile. She had had lovers and offers, plenty of them. She thought of that now, but not with any swell of vanity or exultation; she only thought that no one of those had ever wooed her, had ever loved her as her brother had wooed and loved this Jessamine Holland, and a pang of remorse smote the girl, as she thought of the two lives she would deliberately wreck, if she reached out her hands between them.

She looked at them for a moment, lying by the letter in her lap. "White, unclean hands" they seemed to her just then, with all their fairness! "It is a miserable work," she said. "I am half minded to leave them alone, and let Duke 'gang his ain gate,' even if that does lead away from Margeret Wheatley."

I want you to remember, in all that happened afterwards, that Edith Walbridge said this once—said it alone, and honestly to her own soul.

But the name of Margaret Wheatley seemed a spell which supplanted the hold that Duke's letter had briefly taken of her feelings.

The old instincts, the old reasoning, swayed back on Edith Walbridge. She remembered the wealth, position, not only for himself, but for his family, which were all at stake at this moment.

What were the dreams of a romantic young man in comparison?

Duke would get over his love, and be happier in the end, and just a million times better off with Margaret Wheatley than he would with Jessamine Holland. He was an only son and brother. Surely he owed something to his mother and sisters.

The girl's face grew harder and darker. "I have said that Duke never should marry this Jessamine Holland," she muttered to herself, "and I am not going to back down now."

Then she rose up and went out, doubting whether she had better admit any of her sisters to her secret, and concluding that now, when

the matter had grown so serious, she would confide the whole only to her mother.

A little sign brought Mrs. Walbridge up to her daughter's room within the next quarter of an hour.

The lady listened in silence to all that Edith related, for the girl made a clean breast of the method by which she had obtained Duke's secret, and concluded by reading his letter to Jessamine Holland.

"What do you think of all that, mamma?"

"Think, Edith! There is no help for it! The boy is lost! My boy on whom I had set my pride, my hopes. Would to God she had never entered our house! I am a wretched woman!"

For once Mrs. Walbridge broke through all her habits of well-bred restraint, and was honestly dramatic. The blow went deep; yet she had a mother's heart, and for the time at least she felt that a love like Duke's must not be sacrificed to any ambitions. If she pitied herself, she pitied her boy also.

Edith's voice recalled her; the younger woman calmest and clearest now.

"There is no use sitting still and wringing our hands, mamma. What we do must be done without delay."

"There is nothing to do," answered the mother, melting down into tears. "Against such a letter as that one is utterly helpless. The thing is done, Edith."

"No, it isn't done while I have any sense left to plan and circumvent," answered the daughter, grimly resolute.

"Why, Edith, my child, what will you do? Under any other circumstances, I should say you have already gone too far."

"Mother, I have said that Duke Walbridge should never marry Jessamine Holland. I meant it then—I mean it now," her voice slow and steady, like one who carries a fixed purpose along it.

"What can you do, Edith?" again inquired the mother. "There is that letter."

"I do not mean that Jessamine Holland shall ever see this letter," answered still and steadily, with weights of will hanging upon each word, the voice of Edith Walbridge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THAT was a triumphant appeal of an Irishman who was a lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said—"Where will you find any modern building that lasted so long as the ancient?"

DANCING.

A DISTINGUISHED clergyman, in one of his sermons recently, made these remarks on dancing:—

"People ask, frequently, 'Do you think there is any harm in dancing?' No, I do not. I think there is much good in it. 'Do you object, then, to dancing parties?' No, not of themselves I do not. But where unknit youth, where unripe muscle, where unhardened nerves are put through excess of excitement, with stimulants, with irregular food, and food that is unwholesome; where a gayety that is excessive is indulged in by the young all through the nights when they should be sleeping, I object to it. 'Why? Because it is dancing?' No, but because it is dissipation. It is taking the time that God unquestionably meant for sleep, and put it to the highest state of exhilaration and excitement. The fault does not lie in the fact that they dance. Why, if it were as the peasants dance; if it were in the open air, and under a tree, and upon the grass, and in the comely hours of a sunshiny day, it might be praised, even. It would not be a virtue; but it would belong to those negative things that are beautiful. But the wassail of the night, and the wastefulness, I will not say of precious hours, but of precious nerves—for hours are not so precious as nerves are; the eating out of life by indulgence is dreadful. And to see it pursued night after night, and week after week, and through the whole season, is painful in the extreme. Blessed be God for Lent. I am not superstitious in regard to religious observances; but I am glad when there are forty days in which men are restrained from debauchery; in which no unlawful pleasure is permitted, and no pleasure is permitted at unseasonable hours; in which right habits are enjoined and adhered to.

No other food for love is there but goodness. Love cannot any more burn without goodness, than the flame without fuel. The sorrows that must go with you in all your life, or break suddenly upon you somewhere, cannot be borne without the help of God's ministering angels. As your household grows around you, and your children begin to feel the tides of life, and you become in turn their guides, as your parents were yours, you will find that no one can bear life well who has not God somewhere, a present help in time of trouble.

"SOMEBODY LOVES ME."

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

TWO or three years ago, the superintendent of the Little Wanderers' Home in Boston, received, one morning, a request from the Judge that he would come up to the court-room. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, ragged, dirty, and forlorn, beyond what even he was accustomed to see. The Judge pointed to them (utterly homeless and friendless), and said—"Mr. T——, can you take any of these?"

"Certainly; I'll take them all," was his prompt reply.

"All! What in the world can you do with them?"

"I'll make women of them."

The Judge singled out one, even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again—"What can you do with *that one*?"

"I'll make a woman of her," Mr. T—— repeated, firmly and hopefully. He took them all home. They were washed and dressed, and provided with a good supper and beds. The next morning, they went into the school-room with the rest of the children. Mary was the name of the little girl whose chance for better things the Judge thought so small. During the forenoon, the teacher said to Mr. T——, in reference to her—"I never saw a child like that. I have tried for an hour to get a single smile, and failed."

Mr. T—— said afterwards, himself, that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression; yet she was a very little girl, only five or six years old.

After school, he called her into his office, and said, pleasantly—"Mary, I've lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl here that would wait on me, and sit on my knee, and I loved her very much. A kind gentleman and lady adopted her, and she went to live with them. I miss her, and I should like you to take her place, and be my little pet now; will you?"

A gleam of light flitted over the poor child's face, as she began to understand him. He gave her ten cents, and told her she might go to a store near by, and get some candy. While she was out, he took two or three newspapers, tore them in pieces, and scattered them about the room. When she returned, in a few minutes, he said to her—"Mary, will you clear

up my office a little for me; pick up these papers, and make it look *real nice*!"

She went to work with a will. A little more of this sort of management—in fact, treating her just as a kind father would, wrought the desired result. She went into the school-room after dinner, with so changed a look and bearing, that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant; and half-fearful of some mental wandering, she went to her, and said—"Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

"Oh! I've got *somebody to love me*!—SOMEBODY TO LOVE ME," the child answered earnestly, as if it were Heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love that little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was this certainty that some one loved her, and desired her affection, that lighted the child's soul and glorified her face!

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people, and lives in a beautiful home in New England; but more than all its comfort and beauty, running like a golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her father and mother.

Shall we who have many to love, and to love us, refuse to be comforted, to see any value and use in life, any work for our hands to do, because one of our treasures may be removed from our sight—from our home and care to a better?

And oh! shall we let any of these little ones go hungering for affection—go up even to God's throne, before they find "One to love them?"

A visitor at a school in Michigan saw the flag of our country arranged on the wall of a school-room, nearly one half of which it covered. He thought to "improve" the occasion in a patriotic way, and with that purpose, asked one of the pupils what the flag was there for. "To cover up the dirt, sir," was the prompt reply. We are sorry to say that the flag is often used by corrupt politicians with just such an object—"to cover up the dirt."

BREAKING RULES. A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

THE morning was very fair and pleasant. The dew still shone on each blade of grass, and glistened on the half-opened flowers, and a robin poured forth a song from the branches of the maple that overshadowed the old school-house, as we, a merry group of school-girls, passed through the door. We were scarcely inside the room before Laurie Brooks burst out—"Not a thing in place, and do see the dirt on that chair! If I was a school-teacher, and couldn't keep things neater, I'd take lessons!" and with a look of supreme contempt, the speaker tore off a piece of newspaper from her basket, and began to dust and bustle things to rights as if there was great need of the labor she was bestowing. She was the tallest, the merriest girl of us all, with a saucy, bright, blue eye, and the ringleader of the whole school, if I except one quiet, demure girl who had but little to say, but when she spoke, it was just and truthful, and there was no turning her aside, by taunts or sneers or witticisms, from what she thought was right. This was her time and place, and we all almost involuntarily turned to where she was quietly throwing open the windows, for her remonstrance.

"Laurie, how can you be so hard when you know she had a headache, and her little sister at home sick, waiting for her."

"Now do be still, Nett Bruce. You are always standing up for everybody. You know she aint no teacher with her everlasting pink dress, and no presents but a few quarts of huckleberries, and taking lessons in French, too! Oh, my! I'd study my arithmetic a little more first. Didn't I make her blush when I found out the mistake in that hard sum when she had been puzzling over it more than half an hour."

"You would have blushed too, if you could have seen your face so exultant. I am sure I did for you. You know when father hired her she said she was not good in mathematics, and he told her he thought there need be no class in that study, this term, as the scholars were more deficient in other branches. Laurie, you cannot begin to write, or parse, or read half as well as she can. Perhaps you can tell why you have taken arithmetic, that you excel in now, to grammar."

"When it's anybody's business to know,

Miss Bruce, I can. But here comes the old shay, school-marm, pink dress and all. I wonder if she lies a-bed over Sunday for her mother to wash and iron it!" and with a loud laugh, that was echoed by more than half the group, she passed to her seat, and when Miss Percie came in, she was studying her book as intently as if not a thought was in her mind beside her lesson. Our teacher was below medium size, with a soft voice, and quiet way, and ease of manner, that many a high-born lady might have envied; and though young in years, a close observer could see that there was a world of strength in the full, inflexible lips and firm self-poise of the well-shaped head. Laurie Brooks had not liked her from the first—"A school-ma'am not four inches taller than myself, with hair combed behind her ears, and just done up in a twist, and a linen collar plain as a washer-woman—what could she know about teaching?" were her whispered words to her chosen mate sitting beside her, the first half hour of school, and this was passed to the next girl, and so on, until before recess every scholar that was old enough to aspire to be a companion for Laurie, knew her opinion, and on which side to stand to avoid her displeasure. Talking it over in the play-hour only made the matter worse. One declared that such a small-voiced thing could not have spunk enough to make a baby mind; and a second criticized her forehead as too low to hold brains enough for common sense; while a third, a nervous girl, who always made as many as four motions for the needed one, declared that such a slow body could not walk across the room times enough to find out whether they were in mischief or not. For her part, she intended to have a picnic under her desk every day at school, if she could coax sugar and cake out of her mother.

So far there had been no insubordination. The smaller scholars were learning very fast, and as Miss Percie was fertile in expedients to keep the little restless ones pleasantly occupied in their short confinements between their long recesses, there had been no occasion for discipline, aside from a chiding word or shake of the head, and the older ones felt intuitively the hidden strength in the little teacher's

will and bowed down to it unknown even to themselves.

Miss Percie said a pleasant good morning to her scholars as she entered the room, patted May Granville—the baby of the school—under her chin, stooped to kiss the lily cheek of another frail child, then turning to Ninette Bruce, as if she knew that she would rejoice with her, she said, gladly—“My little sister is much better,” and by this time her bonnet was on a nail, and the bell in her hand to ring for school.

It was a half hour later than the afternoon recess the same day, and we were piling up our books, and placing our pens and ink safe in our seats, when Miss Percie paused a moment in her desk, and after a little rap with her pencil to call attention, she told us that a few of her scholars had been in the habit of loitering by the way after school was dismissed, but from this day she should require that we all go immediately home. With a smile, she added that she almost felt as if it was needless to say that if any disobeyed the rule, the penalty would be punishment.

I could see the toss of Laurie Brooks's head, though her back was towards me, and we were scarcely in the closet before she burst out indignantly—“A pretty school-ma'am, to order us big girls around. Who will go with me and let her see? She has not spunk enough to touch a small scholar, much less a girl almost as tall as herself. She has not whipped our Josie once for a whole month, and he used to catch it every day.”

“Take care, Laurie. You may be mistaken,” said Ninette Bruce, as she brushed the curls back from May Granville's face to fasten her flat.

“Oh dear! Nett Bruce, we all know you are the greatest coward in school. We didn't expect you to show her you will not be ordered around. But here is Sarah, and Call, and the rest of you,” pointing to the opposite side of the closet where a group of girls were tying on their hats; “you will go with me. We will visit the pond, and saw-mill, and mill-dam. Hurry on with your things so school *madam* can see for herself how we go directly home.”

“Girls, don't do it,” pleaded Ninette, with tears in her eyes as she threw her arms around two of the most amiable, yet the most easily influenced girls in the school.

“Hands off, Miss Bruce!” then turning to the girls—“For shame, sweet, darling babies, afraid of a little threatening from a *big school-ma'am*.” And by dint of coaxing, bluster and

taunts, she started off with most every large girl in school.

Ninette took up her basket and gathered all the small scholars together that went her way; then seeing, as she passed by Miss Percie, that she bent low over the copy-books, and feeling how grieved she must be, for Ninette knew that more than half the conversation in the closet must have reached her teacher's ears, she threw her arms around her neck, and pressed a kiss upon her cheek. Miss Percie's head drooped lower until it rested upon the desk, at this unexpected sympathy from one of her sweetest and most undemonstrative pupils, and her slight frame grew convulsed with the low sobs that no longer could be suppressed.

“I am so sorry, Miss Percie;” and then intuitively feeling that to leave her alone would be the greatest kindness, she passed out the door, and on to the little scholars, who were just stepping from the green common to the dusty highway.

Another morning, bright with dew-drops and sunshine, and the songs of birds, came to us children as we gathered into the school-room the next day. Miss Percie was there before us, and only a paler forehead, and a bright red spot that burned deep on each cheek told the struggle she was passing through. After reading a chapter in the Bible, and offering up to her Maker a prayer of praise and thanksgiving for his manifold mercies, and asking His guidance for herself and dear ones committed to her care, she passed on to the other duties of her school. There was the same patience with the A B C scholars; a long, uncomplaining study over Laurie's sums, and unwearying explaining of our grammar lesson, which was the perplexing one of the verb in the Infinitive Mood. After all was finished, and the large scholars up in a row, through with their spelling lesson, waiting for the nod of dismissal, she told Ninette and two boys that they might take their seats, but the rest must stand a few moments upon the floor. Laurie bit her lips and gave a hunch to the girl that stood near her, then threw her head back with a defiant toss, as if that was all she cared about the matter, and one or two of the timid ones began to tremble and half cry, while Miss Percie stood before them with unquailing eye and form erect, looking every inch the queen she was by nature.

There was no begging, extenuating, or apologizing the matter, but simply this—“Scholars, I gave you a rule yesterday, to last my term of school, with the penalty of punishment if you

disobeyed. Perhaps you thought that punishment was to be corporeal, but I did not. Those that have broken the rule must ask my forgiveness, each singly, before the whole school, with a promise to obey in future as long as I am your teacher, or leave the school for the summer. There will be no intermission until this affair is settled." Then turning, she passed quietly to her desk.

There was a hush of a moment before May Harwood—one that Ninette tried to detain—started for the desk. She broke down on the first sentence and dropped her head on her teacher's neck, and sobbed aloud. Then followed one of the timid ones, and so on until only Laurie and Kate Rice—her aider and follower in all fun and mischief—stood upon the floor.

"But two minutes more, Laurie and Kate," said Miss Percie, as she took out her watch and laid it open on the desk before her, and reached for her book to call the roll.

Laurie's face was at first red, then very pale, as she stood, the mark of every eye in school. There was no hope at home for her. The explanation to her father and mother would be still more mortifying than confession to her teacher, and she knew that her parents would require her to ask Miss Percie's pardon, after all. What could she do? Oh! if she could only have a good feruling to settle it!" she said to herself, bitterly. She decided at the last moment, and when she made up her mind there was no half way about her. Perhaps the new respect that had come to her for her teacher, in spite of every prejudice, had something to do about it more than she would have been willing to confess even to herself. Her words came clear and distinct, so that every scholar in school heard them—"Miss Percie, I wilfully and openly disobeyed you, and not only that, but I led the other scholars to do the same. I am mortified and ashamed at my conduct, and promise to obey you after this through school, and not only ask your forgiveness but the forgiveness of the girls that I led astray."

Every countenance but Miss Percie's expressed astonishment, but she had read her pupil better, and knew that when she turned to the right she would be as whole-hearted about it as she had been in the wrong. Kate Rice followed with a few words; then Miss Percie called the roll, and dismissed school.

This was the beginning of good times for the summer, and when the last hour of the last day of school had come, there was not a dry eye in the house, not even Miss Percie's; and Laurie

Brooks's voice was as earnest and loud in regrets as it once had been in contempt of the little teacher.

SHE SAW THE DOXOLOGY.

A little girl, ten years old, went up Mount Washington on horseback. She was then ten; if she is alive and lives till next summer, she will be twenty. The ladies and gentlemen of our party dismounted upon the rugged summit, where the only vegetation that dared make an attempt to grow, was a little stunted pale green moss, and gazed as though lifted up from the world into limitless space. Below, stretching outwards in all directions, lay a deep silver sea of clouds, amid which lightnings were seen to dart and writhe like gilded serpents, and from which the thunder came up to the ear peal after peal. We knew that down there rain was descending in a torrent; while on us, who were above the cloud, shone the sun in unobstructed and awful splendor. The eye wandered away like the dove from Noah's ark, that found no place to rest her foot.

"Well, Lucy," said her father, breaking the silence, "there is nothing to be seen, is there?"

The child caught her breath, lifted her clasped hands, and responded reverently—

"Oh papa, I see the Doxology!"

Yes, everywhere Nature speaks to us and says:—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

A SWEET REFLECTION.—The velvet moss will grow upon the sterile rock; the mistletoe flourish on the withered branch; the ivy cling to the mouldering ruin; the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amidst the mutations of the dying year; and, Heaven be praised! something green, something beautiful to see, and grateful to the soul, will, in the coldest and darkest hour of fate, still twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart.

If there be anything that young wedded love should have as its first vision, it is the ladder between the earth and Heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending, and God over all, blessing it. Begin your household life, begin your wedded life, with a firm hold on God, on purity, on Heaven, Then there will be hope for you. Otherwise take the winter fate.

LAY SERMON.

IN THE DARK.

THERE come seasons of darkness in all our lives. Who has not known them? Times when there are neither sun, nor moon, nor stars in the sky, and we stand still in fear, or grope onwards in trembling uncertainty.

A few years ago, there fell upon my life one of these seasons, in which I could see neither to the right hand nor the left. A terror of darkness was upon me.

One night I lay awake, thinking, thinking until my brain grew wild with uncertainty. I could not see even a step in advance, and feared to move onwards lest with the next footfall I should plunge into hopeless ruin. Very strongly was I tempted to turn aside from the way in which I was going—a way reason and conscience approved as right; but something held me back. Again and again I took up and considered the difficulties of my situation, looking to the right hand and the left for ways of extrication; now resolving to go in this direction, and now in that; yet always held away from resolve by inner convictions of right and duty, that grew clear at the moment when I was ready to give up my hold on integrity.

So the hours went heavy-footed until past midnight. My little daughter was sleeping in the crib beside my bed. But now she began to move uneasily, and presently her timid voice broke faintly the still air.

"Papa! papa!" she called.

"What is it, darling?" I asked.

"Oh, papa! It is dark! Take Nellie's hand."

I reached out my hand and took her tiny one in my own, clasping it firmly. A sigh of relief came up from her little heart. All her loneliness and

fear were gone, and in a few moments she was sound asleep again.

"Oh, my Father in Heaven!" I cried, in a sudden, almost wild, outburst of feeling. "It is dark, very dark. Take my hand!"

A great peace fell upon me. The terror of darkness was gone. "Keep hold of my hand, oh, my Father!" I prayed fervently; "and though I should be called to walk through the valley and the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. Let not my feet wander to the right or to the left."

"Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care," fell softly on my eyelids, and morning broke with scarce a seeming interval of time.

I felt calm and strong. The day was to be one of severe trial. A dark cloud of uncertainty rested over it. But I was resolved to walk steadily through its trials and its pains, holding tightly the hand of my Father.

Oh! is not the Lord better to us, if we will trust Him, than all our fears? There came fierce assaults upon my integrity. I was lured by golden promises—I was threatened with disaster and disgrace, but my hand lay in the firm clasp of One who sticketh closer than a brother, and who is strong to save.

In my rectitude I found safety. Had I swerved, I would have gone down to hopeless ruin. Even my tempters, who had hoped to gain through my defections from honor, bore witness to my integrity. And now, having escaped the perils of this assailed and dangerous pass, a goodly land opened on my view, and I found possessions therein, which are held in peace and honor unto this day. But the highest and dearest of all my possessions is mine integrity, which, but for the hand of my Father grasped, in darkness, I should have lost.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

ONLY ONCE.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

"JUST this once," pleaded the mother with herself, as Katy's blue eyes, filled with tears, were lifted to her face with promise and entreaty.

"Just this once, mamma! I will do better next time, if you only won't say I must stay at home."

What was the trouble? Katy's lesson had been neglected all the bright summer afternoon, despite remonstrance and persuasion, for her elder sister had tried her best to induce the little girl to leave her play. "There's time enough, sister Anna," she had answered; "it's *ever so long* till to-morrow!" And so tea-time came, and with it papa, who proposed that, as it was such a splendid evening, they should all have a long ride.

The little girl knew well there would not be time for her lesson, if she went; but she wanted the ride very much, and so she tried to persuade her

mother to let her go, and write an excuse to her teacher next morning.

"Well, run and get ready," said Mrs. Lee, at last, half-reluctantly; "but remember, Katy, it is only for this once! I shall not excuse you again."

And away went the child, bounding and singing up-stairs.

"What makes you look so serious, father?" Mrs. Lee asked, a few moments afterwards, as she stood at the glass, tying her bonnet. "You think I ought not to have told Katy she might go, I suppose. Well, perhaps so, but it was so hard to refuse; and after all, she was not really naughty—not *very*, you know."

"I was thinking about this '*only once*,' Anna," replied the old man, gravely, though gently. "I know it would have been very hard for you to refuse Katy; but is this indulgence for her real good? An indulgence granted at the expense of

a duty, that might easily have been, and should have been performed before. Will Katy, think you, having gained her point this time, be less disposed to delay in future—less inclined to urge you with similar requests? This seems a little thing, I know; perhaps in some sense it is; but, Anna, beware! ‘Only once’ oftentimes forms the first link in a chain of habit not soon or easily broken, and opens many a door of trouble.”

In another home, this bright evening, a child was pleading a similar cause, but met a firm, though sorrowful refusal. Poor little Bertie! It was a hard lesson; but its results went with him, even up to his manhood. Many a time, when inclined to delay his duties, the thought of his lost ride came like a watchword into his mind; and in many an instance, he found abundant reason afterwards to be glad and thankful that they were fulfilled in season.

Temptation, fierce and strong, rose in his life-path, with the wonted plea, “Only this once!” And he had well-nigh yielded, when the lesson of his boyhood sounded an angel’s warning in his spirit’s ear. And he struggled manfully, and overcame!

It had cost his mother’s heart a keen pain to correct, through disappointment and tears, the fault of the boy; but “only once” did she need to give the lesson, and the man blessed her for it when years had silvered her hair and bowed her form.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

(See Engraving.)

I REMEMBER, when quite young, of one occasion when father and mother went away to spend the afternoon, and left me mistress, *pro tempore*, of the house. The boys, four of them, all older than myself, received immediate orders as to their duties towards the “head of the family.” Every room was put into perfect order, and then I proceeded to get supper, which, as only the children were at home, was to consist merely of bread and milk and huckleberries. Scarcely was the cloth spread, when I perceived that strangers were alighting from a carriage at our door. I hastened to answer the bell, ushered the guests into the parlor, and there learned that they were distant relatives of my father, who were on their way to an adjoining city, and who had taken advantage of their journey to come “a cousining,” and make the acquaintance of connections of whom they had often heard, but had never seen before.

I felt disconcerted for a moment; but remembering my dignity as housekeeper I endeavored to act as became my situation. Summoning the oldest of “the boys,” I directed him to take the horse around to the stable, and see him properly attended to, while I turned my attention to the guests in the house. I showed them into the spare chamber, to wash the dust from their faces, and refresh

themselves generally, while I went again to the dining-room to see about my supper. Should we have the huckleberries and milk? Of course not. The opportunity was too favorable for the display of my housekeeping powers to be passed over in that way, and with an inward elation of no ordinary degree, I proceeded to my task. First, fresh linen from the closet, then the best bright silver laid away in tissue paper in mother’s drawer; next the gilt china, thick covered with dust, brought from the top shelf in the china closet, which had to be carefully washed before using. Tea must be made, of course, for grown people (very poor tea I’m afraid it was), and preserves were emptied, *ad libitum*, in quite unnecessary profusion from the jars in the store-room. All was nearly ready, when I discovered that there was no cake in the house—without which a New England tea-table is never considered complete. For a moment I was cast down, but on the instant remembered a loaf of mother’s wedding-cake, preserved for nearly twenty years. Mother valued it, of course, but then it might be sacrificed upon such an extraordinary occasion. It was brought out of its box accordingly, cut into pieces—so dry and hard it crumbled into inch bits—and adorned the centre of the table. When all was complete, I summoned the guests and “the boys” to tea, and never queen sat on her throne with such inward consciousness of satisfaction as I felt that evening as I presided over the teapot, and dispensed sugar and milk according to the fancy of my visitors.

All went well until we came to the cake—at taste of which I imagined my guests smiled rather queerly. They only ate a mouthful of the same, while the boys laughed immoderately at the “old dry crusts,” and refused to take any. I didn’t tell them where I had procured it; and with some mortification on my part the supper passed over. Master Ned, having his suspicions, entered upon an investigation after tea, and privately informed me that I would get a good whipping when mother came home, for cutting that wedding-cake. Accordingly, I awaited her coming with considerable trepidation. About nine o’clock they drove into the yard, and I hastened to tell them of the arrival of the company, and the means I had used for their proper entertainment. Mother looked grave a moment, when I told her of the cake, and then she laughed heartily. “Never mind, child,” said she. “I’ve often thought I’d destroy the loaf. It’s been very much in the way sometimes. But I never quite liked to do it. Now, however, the responsibility has been taken out of my hands, and I don’t know that I’m sorry it’s gone. I’m sure our cousins will appreciate your motive if it was not entirely a palatable dish.” I knew after all she was secretly gratified at the experience, for I overheard her giving a neighbor an account of my supper, as an evidence of my smartness, and the boys for a long time were accustomed to address me as “young housekeeper.”

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.



THEIR REWARD.

A Sequel to "What Two Little Girls Did."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

NEITHER Katy Bland nor Ellen Hartley slept very soundly on the night after they sent their communication to the *Banner*. Each had an impression that when their letter was read there would be an excitement in the town; and they naturally felt anxious about it.

At breakfast-time, on the next morning, Mr. Bland, who was reading the *Banner* while he sipped his coffee, suddenly exclaimed—"Well, I declare!"

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Bland, looking across the table at her husband.

"Just listen;" and he read aloud the letter signed "TWO LITTLE GIRLS." The tell-tale flushes were on Katy's cheeks, but neither her father nor her mother noticed them.

"Well, I declare!" echoed Mrs. Bland, as her husband finished reading the communication. "I wonder whose little girls they are."

"They've hit the nail plump on the head, no matter who they are," replied Mr. Bland, "and

I'm mistaken if it doesn't make a stir in town."

"Who do they mean by the lawyer, whose son visits the saloon?" asked Mrs. Bland.

"Why, lawyer Jacobs, of course. I've seen his Harry going in and coming out of Maloy's a dozen times in the last month; and I'm told Will Lyon is just as bad. It's time they were taken in hand, and I guess they will be now."

"Oh, dear! I hope so," sighed Mrs. Bland, her eyes turning with an instinct of danger upon her own little boy, not ten years of age, who sat eating his breakfast.

Ellen Hartley, as her father opened the *Banner* that morning, held her breath in suspense. She was a timid little girl, almost afraid of her shadow, as we say sometimes. The stronger will and firmer courage of her friend Kitty had led her to take a share in this work of trying to wake up the people to a sense of their danger; but no sooner was their letter to the editor beyond recall, than doubt and fear crept into her mind and caused her great uneasiness. She felt sure that everybody would know who the "Two Little Girls" were. So, when she saw her father open the *Banner*, her heart began to flutter, and she held her breath in suspense.

"Oh, I hope the editor hasn't published our letter!" she said to herself. Her eyes were fixed intently on her father, and she saw him glance up and down the columns, and at last commence reading something that had attracted his attention. He read very earnestly, the lines on his forehead growing strong from increasing attention. Then he let the paper fall upon his knees, and sat looking very grave and thoughtful for some time. Ellen's heart was still in a tremor.

Lifting the paper again, Mr. Hartley looked towards his wife, and said—"Mother, listen to this," and he read the letter signed, "Two Little Girls." As he did so, Ellen turned herself so much away that her face could not be seen, and with her book in her hand pretended to be reading.

Mrs. Hartley drew a long breath as her husband finished reading the letter, and then exclaimed, with fervor—"Bless their dear little hearts! They have gone right to the core of this matter, and if the men and women don't bestir themselves now, they ought to hide their faces in shame. I wonder who they are? I'd like of all things to know."

It was just as much as Ellen could do to keep from throwing herself into her mother's arms and

telling her all about it. But she was able to restrain herself.

"You have said the right words," answered Mr. Hartley. "Yes, they have indeed gone to the core of this matter. I never saw it just in the light they have thrown upon it. These rum-sellers do no good in the world by their traffic, but an immense amount of harm; why, then, should we permit them to carry on their trade of ruin to the bodies and souls of men and boys in our midst? Without the consent and permission of the people in town, it could not be done, and by consenting, we share in the guilt of all the harm that follows. I am for letting every one have the largest possible liberty; but freedom to hurt the neighbor goes beyond the limit of right. It is the duty of good citizens, by every means in their power, to restrain selfish and reckless men from making gain in their midst by that which hurts and destroys. Human souls are sacred things, and their well-being of too great concern for us to hesitate in a question like this. Let all the saloons and grog-shops be shut up, say I."

"Why, father!" cried Mrs. Hartley, in surprise and pleasure, "you a convert to the prohibitory doctrine!"

"Yes, if to stop twenty men, in a community of three thousand, from doing what hurts or endangers all the rest, is to be on the side of prohibitory laws, I range myself on that side."

"And these two little girls have converted you?"

"Yes, if you will have it so—bless their innocent hearts!"

Now Ellen could stand this no longer. Rising, she crossed the room, and pressing close to her father, looked up to him, her face all aglow with happy feelings.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Hartley, into whose mind came a sudden suspicion of the truth. "Are you one of these little girls?"

Ellen hid her face on his bosom, trembling with the excitement of her new-born pleasure.

"Why, darling! I'm so proud of you!" said Mr. Hartley, hugging her close to his breast.

"And who is the other little girl?" asked Mrs. Hartley, after kissing Ellen and smiling her hearty approval.

"Katy Bland," answered Ellen. "She wrote the letter after we'd talked about it. It all came of my taking the old sieve over to Mrs. Weaver. But, oh, don't tell anybody, please! Katy's father might not like it: and we promised to keep it all to ourselves. I didn't mean to say anything even to you; but I couldn't help it when I saw you so pleased."

Mr. and Mrs. Hartley promised to keep their daughter's secret.

The *Banner* carried conviction in many other families on that long to be remembered morning; but into none did it come with a more startling power than into those of Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Lyon,

who understood that it was their sons who were referred to as visiting the drinking-saloons. The two boys, questioned closely by their fathers, confessed that they often went to Maloy's saloon, not only to drink, but to gamble in a small way with cards and dice.

During the forenoon, Mr. Jacobs, the eloquent lawyer, had a visit from Mr. Lyon. No arguments were used by one to convince the other that drinking-bars were a curse to their town, and ought to be abolished. The "Two Little Girls" had settled that matter, to their minds, beyond all controversy. The only question with them was as to the means of arousing the people. A plan for doing this was arranged, and at once acted upon. The very next issue of the *Banner* contained a call for a town-meeting, to consider the evil of rum-selling. Never before had there been so large an assemblage of the people as came together in answer to this call; and never had Mr. Jacobs been known to speak with such strong and fiery eloquence. When a few brief, decided resolutions were offered, declaring that liquor-selling was productive of evil only, and ought to be abolished in that town, the vast crowd sent up their "ayes" with a shout that was heard for miles. Then the president of the meeting, in the hush that followed, said in a clear voice—"Let all who are opposed to these resolutions say 'Nay.'"

A dead silence rested on the multitude. Not a voice took up the word.

Then rang out, clear and strong—"The resolutions are carried."

At which a shout went up that made the very earth tremble.

The two little girls were there, glad, though bewildered spectators of this strangely impressive scene, their agency unknown to any but themselves and their parents, to whom alone their secret had been confided.

The people, thoroughly alive to the danger in their midst, acted promptly. One half of the saloon-keepers closed their doors at once under the influence of public opinion. The other half held on until restrained by the will of the people, acting through the force of law.

What a change there was. If, before shutting up the dram-shops, many good people had questioned the right or the utility of doing so, none of them doubted now. There was scarcely a man, woman or child in the town who did not see a change for the better in some poor family, kept wretched before through the vice of drunkenness. There were fewer idle and vicious boys about, the sons of men who had once drunk, but now that temptation was removed, grown sober, and more mindful of the true well-being of their children.

All this was talked of freely, and of course Katy and Ellen were constantly seeing and hearing about the good their appeal to the people had wrought. Their pleasure was indeed great. But

still their agency in the good work was known only to themselves and their parents, who thought it best for their children to remain out of sight, and so held their secret for them, and urged them to keep silence also.

"Let a knowledge of the good you have done, my child," said Mrs. Bland, in talking with Katy, "be your chief reward. I am sure that you and Ellen will be happier in thinking of the well-being and happiness that others enjoy through what you did, than if you were to have praises from every tongue. Almost in spite of yourselves, you would feel elated by this praise; and at last come to think, may be, that you were two of the wisest persons in town, even if you were only little girls; when, the real truth is, that God put this thing into your hearts, and you were His humble instruments in doing a great and good work; and He will reward you with a heart-pleasure deeper and purer than anything the praises of men can give. If any one knew about this, your minds might become bewildered and disturbed by what you would hear; and you would be all the while tempted to take to yourselves the praise that belongs to God."

Katy felt that all this was so, and it made her the more careful of her secret.

One day—late in the afternoon—it was more than three months since the new order of things began. Katy and her friend Ellen met on their way from school, and instead of returning directly home, took a walk together through the upper part of the town, intending to visit a little friend who was sick. As they were passing along, Ellen said, as she looked across the street—"I do believe that is Mrs. Weaver. She moved away from our neighborhood some time ago. But see how nicely she is dressed."

The woman recognized the little girls, and came quickly across the street.

"Why, Mrs. Weaver! I didn't know you at first," said Ellen.

"And no wonder," answered the woman, looking serious for a moment, and then letting a smile break all over her face. "Sometimes I hardly know myself."

"Do you live about here?" asked Katy.

"Yes. We moved out of that miserable old shanty down in your neighborhood long ago, and now rent just the nicest little house. There," and she pointed along the street, "you see the white cottage with green blinds, and a rose-bush and honeysuckle climbing up the side. That's where we live. And that's my man sitting in the porch, reading a newspaper and smoking his pipe. There's no kinder or better man in town," added Mrs. Weaver, dropping her voice, "if liquor can be kept away from him. Thank God! he isn't tempted at every corner as he used to be. Poor man! Drink had taken such a hold of him that he couldn't resist when he saw it. Oh, it was a

happy day for us when the dram-shops were closed! and not only for us, but for more than twenty families I could mention right among my own acquaintances.

"Mr. Weaver didn't work in the quarries a week after liquor-selling was stopped. He's a capable person, and knows how to manage men. Mr. Lyon, who owns the quarries, wasn't long in taking the hammer and drill out of his hands when he found that he could depend on his keeping sober. And now he has charge of all the quarries, and gets fifty dollars a month."

"Oh, I'm so glad to hear it!" said Katy.

"So glad!" repeated Ellen.

"And it's all come of shutting up the bars and dram-shops," said Mrs. Weaver. "They say," she added, "that two little girls wrote a letter for the newspaper, and set the whole thing going. We were not subscribers to the *Banner* then, and so I didn't see the letter they talk about. God bless their souls, say I! If I knew their names I'd pray for blessings on their heads night and day."

"You don't want to borrow our coal-sieve," said Ellen, archly. She was afraid her blushes would betray her, and so turned the thought of Mrs. Weaver into a new channel.

"Bless your dear heart, no!" And the woman laughed out. "We've got tons of coal laid up. Enough to take us clear through the next winter." Then, with a changing manner, she added—"You and your mother were very kind to us, Ellen, and I can never forget it as long as I live. The days were very dark then; so dark that I lost hope in the morning." And she wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Just take a look at my man as you go past the cottage," she said, a moment after, rallying herself as she turned to leave Ellen and Katy, "and see how contented he looks, smoking his pipe and reading his newspaper. I'm so happy about it, that I go almost beside myself sometimes."

Mr. Weaver looked over the top of his newspaper at the girls as they passed, and said—"Good afternoon, young ladies."

"Good afternoon, sir," they returned.

"Why, it's Miss Ellen and Katy!" He had recognized them. "Oh! you must have a bunch of flowers." And laying down his newspaper, Mr. Weaver cut two small bouquets of half-opened buds from a climbing rose-bush. Presenting them, he said, with a slight tremor, in his voice—"For the two little girls who wrote that letter in the *Banner*."

Dropping their eyes, and turning their faces aside, Katy and Ellen took the flowers and went hastily onward.

"Did I guess right?" said Mr. Weaver to himself, as he looked after them. "Dear children! May God's choicest blessings rest on them, for they were his ministers, and the work given into their hands was indeed well done!"

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

AN IDLE TEN MINUTES.

BY M. B. F.

IT is a dark day, all clouds, storm and gloom out of doors; one of those dreary seasons that surprise and chill us amid the warmth and brightness of summer-time. Within, sitting in the glow of the fire-light, sinking deep in soft cushions, gazing on pictured faces of absent loved ones, inspecting the air-castles of that tireless architect, Hope, looking over the sketches of the sweet artist, Memory, it is at least comfortable.

It is easy to imagine more delightful situations; for instance, with a very select party, composed entirely of certain people, in one of those grand old cathedrals over the sea, breathing music that rises into grandeur and sinks to pulseless silence; that carries the thoughts above the flight of birds, and sinks them down into the heart, deep and sweet, and tender—that bursts forth in wild wails like the voice of all the passion, and sorrow, and heart-hunger of the world, and then calms itself in rich chords that seem to hold within their depths untroubled rest. Or within one of those wonderful galleries haunted by the spirits of genius, where are faces and scenes, that once viewed, follow the soul to eternity, and from which we borrow tints, and colors, and shades, to paint the sunrises and sunsets, the forests and vales, the faces and forms of our world henceforth; or walking the streets of Florence, that beautiful city in the hollow of many hills; or of sunny Naples, or looking on storied Rome in the magic of rich moonlight; or out in some wood in sweet spring sunshine, when all the spirits of air, and stream and forest, are holding carnival; where, as you help the winds lift dead leaves from the heads of darling little wild flowers, you hear your name called in every possible key and tone, feel soft fingers playing with your tresses, saucy kisses left on your lips, and cheek, and brow, and looking round in surprise, catch clear little ripples of silvery laughter; where the heart thrills with what Willis called a “sense of wings.” All possible good, and joy, and beauty, seem almost in the grasp, and you envy the very birds their power of expression! Or a comfortable seat in the clouds above Richmond, that beautiful city, so lately the stronghold of treason, but where our starry flag is waving to-day as a promise of peace and freedom, and a universal brotherhood; but methinks there would be much in that view to sadden the heart, and it would be more cheering to behold with one circling glance this whole great land, the stern, grand North, the great East, rock-bound and mountain-crowned, the wild, free West, the sweet, sunny, witching South! Proud, exulting, glorious

(184)

thoughts would sweep through the brain—the past’s grand history thrill the soul like a trumpet. The memory of our sacrifices, of the broken hearts and broken lives we have marched over to victory, stir the deepest fountain of tears. And marking how God has ever led our nation towards the light of truth and honor, through ways “past our finding out,” would strengthen our spirits in faith and humility, and—a pair of cold hands on my face—a laughing voice—asking what I am “staring into the fire that way for?” sends my visionary wishes flying into chaos, and makes me start from my seat to sigh with the poet—“Alas! that dreams are only dreams!”

THE LITTLE VISITORS.

BY AMY A. HEADLEY.

FACE to face they stand—the rosy pets—neither of them a twelve-month old. Ah! wee blossoms of humanity. But they *do* stand, and what is more, they can totter around in quite a walk. Awkward work, though, but they will do better by-and-by.

A marvellous thing is a baby in the eyes of grown folks, but a more marvellous thing to the eyes of another baby.

And now they must get a little nearer, and now they must lay their hands on each others’ heads, and put their little mouths together, and maybe scratch each other just a bit.

Carefully, carefully, little ones, babies’ flesh is tender. Wait until you get on mother’s bosom, with your face against hers, and your arms around her neck, before you try the strength of your fingers. Then you may tear and scratch till the blood starts, and no harm; it will be only her “love,” her “birdie,” her “darling,” and every pain will be a throb of sweetness.

What a delightful jargon is their conversation. Perfectly intelligible to each other, I know, by the way they listen, and laugh, and respond; but not so comprehensible to the older portion of their audience, yet every accent, however indistinct, and every cadence, however feeble, is the note of a melody that thrills the heart.

Oh! a wonderful thing is baby-talk. See! one has lost its balance, and topples over. There goes for a bump. No! mother reaches out her hand just in time to save it from a fall. Mothers are always watching their babies even when their eyes are in an opposite direction. Wonder if mothers can see out of the back of their heads?

Now they straighten up and make at each other, like champions in a fight, only their weapons are tiny fists, and their blows are love-pats, and they

too and laugh, instead of roaring and shouting. A scene for an artist!

But could he paint, withal, the soft ripples of music, and low, bubbling mirth of the rosy competitors, the nods, and winks, and open-mouthed wonder that intervenes? Eh? little ones?

Some folks pretend that men don't admire babies so much as women do, but if you could see what I have to-day, you would contradict that. Why, here were strong men—men right in their prime, with their faces all a-glow with excitement, and their eyes all a-glitter with emotion, as they followed each turn of the dimpled magnets, and cheered and laughed till their throats were sore, and their sides ached. Wasn't that admiration?

Now the little arms are getting heavy, the motions slower, and a wistful look is turned towards mother. A clasp, a kiss, a low trilling murmur, and the past, with its brief hour of happiness, is veiled by the mantle of sleep.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

WHO can estimate the value of a kind word? "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Who knows how many hearts have been saved from despair by a few kind words? When the cares and burdens of life press heavily, and the spirit as well as the flesh faints and grows weak, how grateful are the expressions of sympathy and kindness. Like the dews of Heaven to the thirsty plant—like rain to the parched earth—like sunshine to the folded flower. Never judge any man harshly, however rude and unsocial he may be, until you have tried upon him the law of kindness.

We are all more or less obstinate, and you will not find one person in a hundred who relishes being driven. Perhaps it is a little singular, but it is none the less true, that most of us will not readily do a thing which we want to do, if we feel that any one is trying to force us to it.

I once heard a wife say—"I was not intending to go to Mrs. Smith's party to-night, but John said I should not go a step, and now I'll go if I die for it!"

And little Tommy Johnson evinced the same spirit when he said—"I'd just as lief give Jim Sykes my whistle as not, for it's a cracked old thing, and all the whistle is out of it; but Jim said if I didn't give it to him he'd whip me; and now I'll burn it! see if I don't!"

If you ever want to influence any person, try kindness. Hearts may be softened by love—but never by a spirit of hatred and unkindness. And if you would succeed in convincing a man against his will, ten to one he will hold to the same opinion still.

Cultivate punctuality. It is a good thing to

build a character upon. I know of nothing more desirable than *reliability*. If you can say that a man is *reliable*, you are giving him the best of good names.

Never make an engagement, intending to break it. If you promise to be at a certain place at a certain hour, *be there*, if you are alive. Do not wait five, ten, or twenty minutes, but keep your appointment to a moment! Oh, I like those people of whom it can be said—you *know where to find them*. They are the kind who keep their promises. They never run away with your umbrellas, nor lose a train by being too late, nor keep you waiting at dinner, nor forget the little bill that the tailor sent in a week before, and you never in the world knew one of them to have a Sunday headache!

Avoid contradiction. A spirit of contradiction is always particularly hateful. If there is anything especially despicable, it is the man who is continually arguing and contradicting. Such a person is a public nuisance, and our law-makers ought to enact a law to "abate" him. He is never happy himself, and no one can be comfortable with him. He would be in the anguish of torment if any one *should* happen to be undisturbed by his perverseness.

You cannot venture upon remarking that it is a fine day without running the risk of being contradicted and argued with for an hour or two, to be proved wrong at last.

I was once travelling on a steamer in company with a young couple of my acquaintance, who had recently agreed to undertake life's journey together. The gentleman was one of those individuals whose business it is to watch everything that every one says in order to be ready with his contradiction.

We were passing a little village set in among the hills, and the lady made the observation, in a careless way—"That is Hilldale, I believe."

"Hilldale? no indeed!" said her companion, cresting himself like a cock turkey; "that is Dellville! How could you make such a mistake? I've been in these parts before, and I know."

The young lady colored—but maintained her assertion. The gentleman appeared astonished that she should dare anything of the kind, and went on with an argument too long to write down, to convince her that she was wrong. She kept a dignified silence, and by-and-by he finished, having, I suppose he thought, settled the question as to the name of the place forever.

The young lady dismissed him shortly afterwards, and I cannot help thinking that his spirit of contradiction helped on the result.

As for myself, I was curious enough to take pains to ascertain the correct name of the village in question, and found to my horror and amazement that it was neither Hilldale nor Dellville—but Scratch Gravel Corner!

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

A DEAD YEAR.

BY M. B. F.

YES, he is dead, the grim old king,
And the dawn of the coming day will bring
Another to wear his crown;
He was stern and cold—but forget it now,
Let one tear fall on the icy brow
That will no more wear a frown.

And though so calm was his dark eyes' ray,
Think not that no thought of tenderness lay
Beating within his heart.
Not always does love wear a smiling face,
The beaming look, the winning grace,
May be the deceiver's art.

Thou sayest, "He took my dearest friend,"
Child, but as a messenger God did send;
He came for thy loved one.
How gently He took him that Sabbath day,
And bore him, sleeping, to Heaven away!
The mission was tenderly done.

"He killed my hopes." Ah! child, beware,
Thy hopes were earthly—a glittering snare—
'Twas best that they should die;
Thou wast making thyself bright idols of clay,
In mercy to thee they were taken away;
Then give them not one sigh.

He was cold, but to thee never cruel;
He gave thee many a priceless jewel;
Hast thou forgot so soon?
Some great, rich, sparkling, diamond days,
Some passion-hours with the opal's blaze,
Joys bright as the sun at noon!

Then once again, ere we lay him at rest,
Let one tear fall on his icy breast,
And kindly remember his reign;
His smile nor frown cannot harm thee more,
His works are done on this earthly shore,
He will never come again.

DRIFTING APART.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

FARTHER apart each day our lives are drifting;
Farther apart at every set of sun;
The clouds between our pathways show no sign of
lifting,
But droop, and gather shadows one by one.

Drifting apart! the visions that I've cherished
Within my loving, foolish heart for years,
At those two meaning words, have rudely perished,
And in their place is naught but bitter tears.

I do not weep; I do not sigh and languish,
And murmur at the hard decree of fate;
I walk my way in silent, smiling anguish,
Knowing remorse and tears are all too late.

But oh, my darling! I am only human!
And, though 'tis weakness, I do love you yet;
Mine is the heart of clinging, constant woman,
Whose lot it is to love and not forget.

(186)

I know that we can never stem the current
That bore the sunshine of my life away;
Our feet can never cross the unbridged torrent
That flows between us wider every day.

Perhaps, when we have passed the heavenly portal,
And all our tears are dried by Christ, the Friend,
And we have entered on the life immortal,
Perhaps our pathways THERE may meet and blend.

I cannot tell; the mystic, grand To-morrow
Was never meant for earthy, mortal eyes;
But it is sweet to think all tears and sorrow
Will vanish at the dawn of heavenly skies.

IN THE ORIENT.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

THE valleys glow'd like purple gulfs of flame,
The hills shone strong and clear,
And from the vine-wreathed terraces there came
The songs of vintage to the ear.

Half drugged with the drowsy wine of love,
And by those summer-sweets oppress'd,
Not strange her eyes glow'd like twin stars above
The head reclining on her breast.

The lazy neap-tide, as it came and went,
Puls'd gently round her naked feet;
The sunlight with her nut-brown hair was blent,
And made her face seem more than sweet.

He felt how much of subtleness there lies
In touch of women's finger-tips;
He felt the lightning of her love-lit eyes,
The rain of kisses on his lips!

How ecstasy to words of fondness clung!
How hearts were fire-welded with hot tears!
How those white hands in agony were wrung
That wav'd adieu for years—for years!

DEAD.

BY EMILY SANBORN.

NOTHING stirs the dreamy silence,
Save the sighing through the trees
Of the south wind, sighing sadly,
And the falling of the leaves.
Dying in their pride and glory,
Bathed in hues of crimson light,
As *he* died, our darling Harry,
Just one year ago to-night.

Cloudless are the autumn heavens,
Only misty veils of white
Nestle on the rugged hillsides,
And the golden woods are light,
And the swallows in the branches
Gathered there, a fluttering band,
All impatient to be winging
On toward a brighter land

Ah! a voice is sounding sadly,
Telling of the happy past,
Telling of the summer heavens,
And of joys too bright to last.
While our hearts are ever turning
To that distant, lonely grave,
Where he rests, our noble Harry,
And the willow branches wave.

PERENNIAL YOUTH.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

WHAT do you bloom out of, Columbine gay?
Whisper and tell us, you shy violet
Tell us, pink apple-tree blossoms in May;
And tell us white lilies with June rain wet.

"Out of old roots, that have grown year on year,
Trying their strength in the stem and the leaf,
Until the time came for our buds to appear;
Was it worth while, since our bloom is so brief?"

Worth while, indeed! if the sun is worth while;
And the sky, brooding over, whose tints you enfold;
And the glow of the morning condensed in your
smile;

And the summer wind's secret your fresh breath
has told.

Worth while it were not, if bloom were the whole—
Flimsy as vanity's ribbons and lace;
Youth blossoms up from the years of the soul—
Beauty is nothing, if only a face.

Sweet subtle essences, chemistries rare,
Out of the depths find their way into light—
Joy flowers best from a dear inward care;
Love hides a loveliness deeper than sight.

So it is sometimes, the old who are young;
Sometimes the only true flower is the fruit—
Jones of far old in yon rose have upsprung—
Youth! what is youth, without age at its root?

"WELCOME, PAPA."

THREE little forms, in the twilight gray,
Scanning the shadows across the way;
Six little eyes, four black and two blue,
Brimful of love and happiness too,
Watching for 'pa.

May, with placid and thoughtful brow,
Gentle face, beaming with smiles just now;
Willie, the rogue, so loving and gay,
Stealing sly kisses from sister May,
Watching for 'pa.

Nelly, with ringlets of sunny hue,
Cosily nestled between the two,
Pressing her cheek to the window-pane,
Wishing the absent one home again,
Watching for 'pa.

Oh! how they gaze at the passers by!
"He's coming at last!" they gayly cry,
"Look again, my pets!" exclaims mamma:
And Nelly adds, "There's the twilight star
Watching for 'pa."

Soon joyous shouts from the window-seat,
And eager patter of childish feet;
Gay, musical chimes ring through the hall,
A manly voice responds to the call,
"Welcome, Papa."

THE CLEAR VISION.

I DID but dream. I never knew
What charms our sternest season wore.
Was never yet the sky so blue?
Was never earth so white before?
Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
And never learned the bough's designs
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break
As that my eastern windows see?
Did ever such a moonlight take
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?
Rang ever bells so wild and fleet
The music of the winter street?
Was ever yet a sound, by half,
So merry as yon school-boy's laugh?

O, Earth! with gladness overfraught,
No added charm thy face hath found:
Within my heart the change is wrought,
My footsteps make enchanted ground.
From couch of pain and curtained room
Forth to thy light and air I come,
To find in all that meets my eyes
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these winter days, and soon
Shall blow the warm west winds of spring.
To set the unbound rills in tune,
And hither urge the bluebird's wing.
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods
Grow misty green with leaping buds,
And violets and wind-flowers sway
Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own
The wiser love severely kind;
Since, richer for its chastening grown,
I see, whereas I once was blind.
The world, O, Father! hath not wronged
With loss the life by thee prolonged;
But still, with every added year,
More beautiful thy works appear!

As thou hast made thy world without,
Make thou more fair thy world within:
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt;
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin;
Fill, brief or long, my granted span
Of life with love to thee and man;
Strike when thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best!—*Atlantic.*

SUNSET

THE cows are lowing along the lane,
The sheep to the fold have come,
And the mother looks from the cottage door,
To see how the night comes over the moor,
And calls the children home.

Their feet are bare in the dusty road,
Their cheeks are tawny and red;
They have waded the shallows below the mill,
They have gathered wild roses up the hill,
A crown for each tangled head.

The days will come, and the days will go,
And life hath many a crown—
But none that will press upon manhood's brow
As light as the roses resting now
On the children's foreheads brown.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS.

A foreign journal says of the fashions:—

"The fickle goddess appears to have decreed as follows:—

"First, that there shall be abundance of crinoline, or bustle, or *panier*, or *tournure* (for the bunch at the back goes by a variety of names), just below the waist, but that there should be little or none at the lower half of the skirt.

"Secondly, that there should be no trains worn in the streets, long skirts to be kept exclusively for in-door wear. That if a lady desires to wear a train when driving out during the day, the skirt should be so short in front that her feet are plainly visible. Therefore, pretty boots are indispensable.

"Thirdly. A medley of materials quite indescribable; the more flounces, ruffles, bows, and *pompons*, the more the skirts are looped up in bunches, the better is the wearer's right to consider herself elegant and fashionable.

"Fourthly. Bonnets are reduced to nothing.

"The fashionable bonnets (if bonnets they can be called) are, the Watteau *fanchon* and the *Lamballe plateau*. There are other varieties; but these are the popular shapes. The Watteau *fanchon*, whether it is made in tulle or straw, measures only three inches in length, and is trimmed either with a star of flowers in the centre of the forehead, or with an agrafe of flowers at the side, long sprays falling over the back hair. The *Lamballe plateau* is even younger and more coquettish-looking than the *fanchon*. It is round, as its name indicates, and is decorated with either a wreath of small flowers, or moss rosebuds and moss."

For day wear, white toilettes are decidedly fashionable, and no trimming appears so popular for them as English embroidery. Every lady who does not already possess a costume *à la* *feru* is ordering one, and now that it is a novelty, it is to be seen on dressy occasions.

The prettiest style is the following: A petticoat with a double plaiting of the same material, a skirt rounded both at the back and front, open at the sides to the waistband, and thus giving the effect of a double apron. Round this skirt there are three narrow flounces, likewise of *toile écru*, bordered with Valenciennes; or else there are two flounces with one frill of English embroidery between them. The short *casaque* is full at the back, and the sash is bordered with a double plaiting, edged either with Valenciennes lace or English embroidery.

Dresses and *paletôts* of all materials and shapes are now made with sashes; their variety is endless, and their names legion. A plain bow of wide ribbon, called the "baby sash," is the neatest

for simple morning toilettes; but where a dress is elaborately trimmed, then the sash should correspond with the rest of the toilette. Satin ribbons exquisitely embroidered with bouquets of flowers, are fashionable, likewise lace sashes.

As unquestionably some of our lady readers are accustomed to the graceful exercise of horseback riding, we insert a few directions as to the making of *habits* this season.

Habits just now are mostly made about three yards and a half wide, fifty inches long in front, and fifty-four at the back; the left side fifty-one, the right fifty-nine. The front breadth is very much gores, and for about thirteen inches across, the front is quite plain, there being no plaits whatever in front except that formed by the fastening of the skirt at the side. Five plaits on each side at the back (not box-plaits) is all the fullness that is necessary. The edge of the skirt should be plainly hemmed, with a hem two and a half inches deep; and at the waist it should be gathered into a silk band shaped to the figure, and about one inch and a half wide. Buttons put below the band at the back and on each hip corresponding, with tabs and button-holes on the body, keep the skirt in its place.

The bodies are made as plain as possible, very high in the neck, with a very narrow, almost imperceptible basque, scarcely an inch wide in the front, and widening at the back to a swallow-tailed point with two buttons at the waist. A row of buttons go down the front, but in most cases do not fasten the body. This is done with long hooks and eyes. Round the neck, down the front, and all round the basque, is a row of wide braid, headed by a row of narrow. The sleeves this year are still the coat shape, but rather tighter than before. These are trimmed with a little wide and narrow braid.

Small goffered cambric frills sometimes replace collars, but are not considered good style; the narrow all-round linen collars are far neater and more generally worn, fastened either with a brooch or stud, or sometimes colored neck-ties are worn with them; but the white cambric and tulle ties, edged with lace, are the newest things, and they are a very pretty and becoming addition to the plain habit.

The plaited coils are the best way of dressing the hair for riding; but plaited chignons and the plain chignons are quite as much worn, and are, if possible, larger than ever, so that the profile of a young girl with her riding-hat on is rather comical than otherwise, the huge protuberance at the back of the head having a very ludicrous effect. A band of colored ribbon with no ends is often fastened round the chignon.

TOILET ENVELOPE.

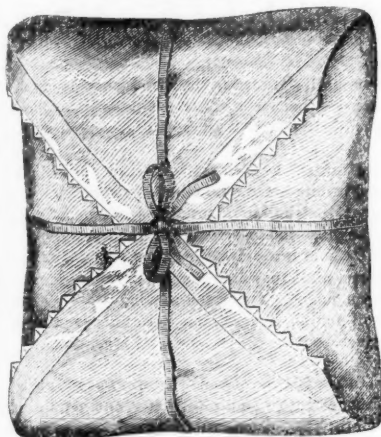
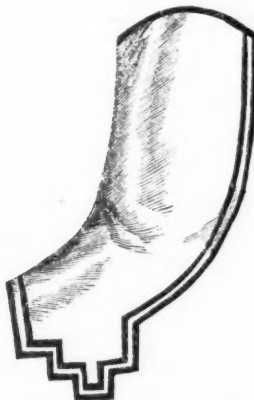


FIG. 1.—TOILET ENVELOPE FOLDED.

The object of this cover is to preserve the dressing-table while combing the hair, and to keep the articles wanted in that operation, such as combs, brushes, etc. Fig. 1 shows the envelope folded;

ST. MARC SLEEVE.



This is appropriate for mohair, silk or poplin; the upper side only is cut with a tab, which requires to be lined, unless the material is sufficiently heavy to keep smooth. The trimming may be two rows of satin piping, velvet or gimp. Grenadine may be made up in this way with gimp trimming.

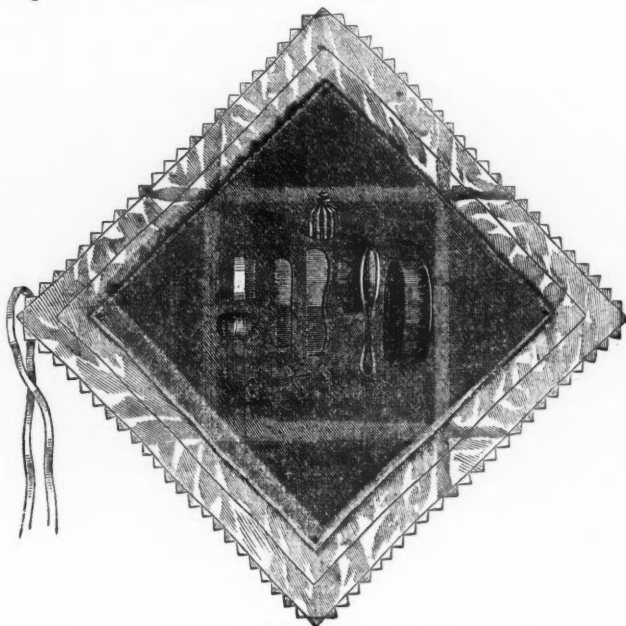


FIG. 2.—TOILET ENVELOPE OPEN.

Fig. 2. the same, open. It is formed of *piqué* 22 inches square, and edged all round with a cross strip of *piqué*, 1 inch wide, sewn on with seam stitch. This strip hides the beginning of the vandykes which edge the cover. These vandykes

are made of double *piqué*; each is made separately. On one side the cover has a smaller covering of cloth, which is bound with silk ribbon, and buttoned on the four corners. Tape is sewn on for strings, as can be seen from the illustration.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

FRECKLES.—The best thing for freckles is to wash the face well with sour milk, the last thing before going to bed; the milk to be left on to dry.

The following lotion is said to remove summer freckles, and appears to be harmless in its nature: "One drachm sal-ammoniac, one pint of spring water, and a quarter of an ounce of eau-de-cologne or lavender water mixed together. The lotion should be applied every night and morning, or oftener if necessary.

STEWED SHOULDER OF MUTTON.—Select a shoulder of mutton that is not too fat, bone it, tie in a cloth, and boil for two hours and a half. Take it up, put a little cold butter over it, and then strew thickly with bread crumbs and parsley, with pepper and salt all properly mixed, and let it remain in the oven half an hour to be perfectly browned. Serve with bits of currant jelly on the top, and gravy or spinach round.

IMITATION OF PRESERVED GINGER.—Boil, as if for the table, small, tender, white carrots; scrape them until free from all spots, and take out the hearts. Steep them in spring water, changing it every day, until all vegetable flavor has left them. To every pound of carrots so prepared, add one quart of water, two pounds of loaf sugar, two ounces of whole ginger, and the rind of a lemon shred fine. Boil for a quarter of an hour every

day, until the carrots clear, and when nearly done, add red pepper to taste. This will be found a good imitation of West Indian preserved ginger.

PUDDING A L'ELEGANTE.—Cut thin slices of light white bread, and line a pudding-shape with them, putting in alternate layers of bread and orange marmalade, or any other preserve, until the mould is nearly full. Pour over all a pint of warm milk, in which four well-beaten eggs have been mixed. Cover the mould with a cloth, and boil for an hour and a half. Serve with wine sauce.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—To every pound of Seville oranges put two quarts of water, and boil them two hours; then cut them in thin slices, taking out the seeds. To every pound of oranges, put two pounds of white sugar in half a pint of the water in which the oranges have been boiled, and boil all together for one hour and a half.

RICE FANDANGO.—Boil half a pound of rice in milk till sufficiently soft, then take it out and place it on an oval dish. Fresh fruit, such as gooseberries, raspberries, currants, &c., must be boiled or stewed with sugar enough to sweeten it, and placed in the centre of the rice, a custard being poured over the whole. It should be put in a very cool place, so as to be sent to table quite cold. This makes a nice supper dish during the warm weather.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

UPSIDE DOWN; OR, WILL AND WORK. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.* Philadelphia: *G. W. Pitcher*, 808 Chestnut street.

To those who have had the good fortune to have read the preceding book in the Rosa Abbott series of stories, we have only to say that this volume is as entertaining as either "Jack of All Trades," or "Tommy Hickup." "Upside Down" is the nickname of the young girl who is the chief character; and how she got it, we will let the book tell for itself:—

"Upside Down? What did he ever call me that for?" inquired Becky, curiously.

"You were such an odd one, and always up to some quirk that no other baby would have thought of. You were always turning everything inside out and upside down when you were no bigger

than my thumb. It used to tickle your father almost to pieces."

How well she merited this title, is shown in the way she succeeded in turning a shiftless, dependent family into a hard-working self-dependent and intelligent power in the community where they lived.

CHRISTIAN BAPTISM.

POWER WITH GOD. By Rev. John Levington.

We are struck with the remarks of the author, in the preface to the work on baptism. They may be the quaintness of an old man, or the conceit of a young one.

"The style is so easy and and racy, the matter so varied, that the reader will not find it a dull book, especially as I have introduced a considerable amount of incident and historic facts, that are entirely relevant and interesting.

"I think the work here offered to the public really meets a want that was felt; for while many good works have been written on this subject, and I am much indebted to them, some of them have been too verbose and complicated, while others have been too meagre, so that neither kind had sufficient *clearness and point*."

The author still further says, "that if any one will honestly say, that he still believes in the views this book is written to confute, he will return the price of the work and take it back."

We think we have read more convincing arguments upon the subject of baptism, though the writer, from his view-point, makes some very good deductions.

The work (*Power with God*) is very largely a history of the Methodist Church and its founders, and will commend itself more especially to members of that denomination, though it may be read with pleasure and profit by all.

CRUISE OF THE DASHAWAT. BOSTON: *Lee & Shepard*. The third volume in the *Helping Hand Series*. By May Manning.

It is an account of a voyage from New York to San Francisco, in which is detailed the experiences of Katie Putnam, the heroine of the story, whose father is the commander of the vessel. The book combines pleasant narrative and profitable instruction, so blended as to be attractive to children.

Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Philada., has it.

DOTTY DIMPLE AT HOME. By Sophie May. BOSTON: *Lee & Shepard*. Philadelphia: G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street.

Of all the little children's story books, the works of this author are our favorites. This Dottie Dimple is a history of real child-life, and the cute sayings and doings of the little one are very interestingly portrayed.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

GRANDMOTHER'S GOVERNMENT.

WE understand human nature better than "Fanny Fern;" and she has a very apt way of putting this knowledge in words. In her last volume, "Folly as it Flies," under the head of "Grandmother's Chat," are a good many passages over which one may smile and grow serious by turns, and be wiser for the reading. We select a few things to smile over:—

"And now I am a grandmother! and here come the holidays again. * * *. Uncles, and aunts, and cousins, are all very well, and fathers and mothers are not to be despised: but a *grandmother* at holiday-time is worth them all. She might have given her own children crooked-necked squashes and cucumbers for dolls; with old towels pinned on by way of dresses, and trusted to their imaginations to supply all deficiencies. But this grandchild—ah! that's quite another affair. Is there anything good enough or costly enough for her? * * *

I wish some philosopher would tell me at what age a child's naughtiness *really* begins. I am led to make this remark because I am subject to the unceasing ridicule of certain persons, who shall be nameless, who sarcastically advise me to 'practice what I preach.' As if, to begin with, anybody ever did *that*, from Adam's time down. You see, before I punish or cause to be punished a little child, I want to be sure that it hasn't got the stomach-ache; or is not cutting some tooth; or has not, through the indiscretion, or carelessness, or ignorance of those intrusted with it, partaken of some indigestible mess, to cause its 'naughtiness,' as it is called. Then—I want those people who counsel me to such strict justice with a mere baby, to reflect how many times a day, according to this rule, *they* themselves ought to be punished for

impatient, cross words, proceeding, it may be, from teeth, or stomach, or head, or nerves.

"Scruples of conscience, you see—that's it. However, yesterday I said—'Perhaps I am a little soft in this matter; perhaps it is time I began. So I stiffened up to it.

"'Titticins,' said I to the cherub in question, 'don't throw your hat on the floor; bring it to me, dear.'

"'I san't,' replied Titticins, who has not yet compassed the letter *h*. 'I san't,' with the most trusting, bewitching little smile, as if I were only getting up a new play for her amusement, and immediately commenced singing to herself:

"'Baby bye,
Here's a fly—
Let us watch him,
You and I,'

adding, 'Didn't I sing that pretty?'

"Now, I ask you, was I to get up a fight with that dear little happy thing, just to carry my point? I tell you my 'government' on that occasion was a miserable failure; I made up my mind, after deep reflection, that if it was not quite patent that a child was really malicious, it was best not to worry it with petty matters; I made up my mind that I would concentrate my strength on the first *lie* it told, and be conveniently blind to lesser peccadillos. This course is just what I get abused for. But I stood over a little coffin-lid once, with part of my name on the silver plate; and somehow it always comes between me and this governing business. I think I know what you will reply to this; and in order that you may have full justification for abusing me, I will own that the other day, when I said to Titticins, 'Now, dear, if you put your hands inside your cup of milk again, I

must really punish you,' that little three-year-old replied, in the *chirp-est* voice—'No you want! I know better.' and one day, when I really shut my teeth together, and with a great throb of martyrdom, spanked the back of that dear little hand, she fixed her great, soft, brown, unwinking eyes on me, and said—'I'm brave—I don't mind it!' You can see for yourself that this practical application of the story of the Spartan boy and the fox, which I had told her the day before, was rather unexpected.

"The other day she was making an ear-splitting racket with some brass buttons in a tin box, when I said—'Can't you play with something else, dear, till I have done writing?' 'But I like this best,' she replied. 'It makes my head ache, though,' I said. 'You poor dear, you,' said Titticins, patronizingly, as she threw the obnoxious plaything down, and rushed across the room to put her arms around my neck—'you poor dear, you, of course I won't do it then.'

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EARLY MUSICAL CULTURE.

Madame Sartoris, sister of Mrs. Frances Kemble, speaking of the advantages of early musical culture, says:—"Almost all children have naturally good ears, and can catch tunes easily, and they are able to master the mysteries of time much better at an early age than they do later. Both boys and girls should be taught the piano, and at more advanced age learn the grammar of music, thorough bass and harmony. The steady reading of one single line of new music every day, would very soon secure to any one who chose, the invaluable power of playing with facility at sight. When musical education," she adds, "is conducted on these principles, we shall no longer have music fit only for the theatre brought into our drawing-rooms, and our delicate drawing-room music exiled to places for which it is entirely unsuited."

EUGENIE.

The Empress Eugenie is said to be a woman of inferior intellect. Several years ago she made an effort to attract the most talented young authors of France to the Tuileries. But the friendship between her and her literary protégés did not last longer than a few months. Edmund About was of the number. It is told of him that he said afterwards, "At the third or fourth *soirée* to which her majesty invited me, she asked me very bluntly to dedicate my next volume to her. As I could not do that, you know why, I preferred to stay away from the Tuileries." The reason why About could not do this, was, as assigned, just such a dedication would be looked upon as a proof of

servility; and secondly, because in literary circles it is well known that her majesty is a woman of no brains, and utterly destitute of literary taste.

DISLIKE OF CHILDREN.

"Well may we shudder," says the author of "Our Children in Heaven," "when we hear a man or a woman, and especially a woman, say, thoughtlessly, 'I hate children!' The least cultivated mind instinctively recoils from the thought as at the presence of something singularly unlovely. Where such a sentiment is real, which is not often the case, what is the cause of it? It is either some direful, perhaps hidden, evil of their own hearts taking verbal and symbolic expression, or it is some subtle, besieging, possessing devil who is speaking through them."

IN the "ROMAN CHILDREN" we give another of the brilliant engravings that have been so much admired and commended this year.

WANTED.—A January and June number for 1855 of Home Magazine. If any of our subscribers should have one or both of these numbers, and not wish to keep them, we would take it as a special favor if they would mail them to our address. They are wanted to complete a set.

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EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

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EXPECTATION.



MOTHER'S DARLING.



KITCHEN APRON.



WALKING SUIT

CROQUET DRESS.



MORNING DRESS.

EVENING DRESS.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

“CAMILLA MAZURKA.”

BY MALCOLM CLIFTON.

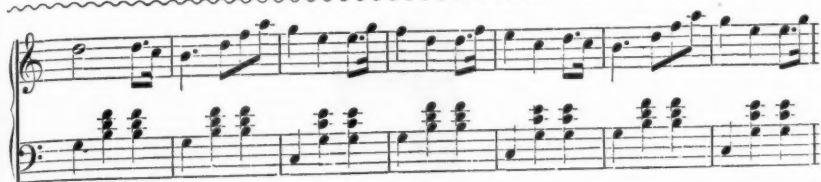
PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of music. The first system is marked 'p' (piano). The second system continues the melody. The third system is marked 'Fine.' and 'f' (forte). The fourth system continues the melody. The fifth system concludes the piece with a final chord.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1868, by LEE & WALKER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"CAMILLA MAZURKA."

197



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Madame Sartoris, sister of Mrs. Frances Kemble, speaking of the advantages of early musical culture, says:—"Almost all children have naturally good ears, and can catch tunes easily, and they are able to master the mysteries of time much better at an early age than they do later. Both boys and girls should be taught the piano, and at more advanced age learn the grammar of music, thorough bass and harmony. The steady reading of one single line of new music every day, would very soon secure to any one who chose, the invaluable power of playing with facility at sight. When musical education," she adds, "is conducted on these principles, we shall no longer have music fit only for the theatre brought into our drawing-rooms, and our delicate drawing-room music exiled to places for which it is entirely unsuited."

EUGENIE.

The Empress Eugenie is said to be a woman of inferior intellect. Several years ago she made an effort to attract the most talented young authors of France to the Tuileries. But the friendship between her and her literary protégés did not last longer than a few months. Edmund About was of the number. It is told of him that he said afterwards, "At the third or fourth soiree to which her majesty invited me, she asked me very bluntly to dedicate my next volume to her. As I could not do that, you know why, I preferred to stay away from the Tuileries." The reason why About could not do this, was, as assigned, just such a dedication would be looked upon as a proof of

servility; and secondly, because in literary circles it is well known that her majesty is a woman of no brains, and utterly destitute of literary taste.

DISLIKE OF CHILDREN.

"Well may we shudder," says the author of "Our Children in Heaven," "when we hear a man or a woman, and especially a woman, say, thoughtlessly, 'I hate children!' The least cultivated mind instinctively recoils from the thought as at the presence of something singularly unlovely. Where such a sentiment is real, which is not often the case, what is the cause of it? It is either some direful, perhaps hidden, evil of their own hearts taking verbal and symbolic expression, or it is some subtle, besieging, possessing devil who is speaking through them."

IN the "ROMAN CHILDREN" we give another of the brilliant engravings that have been so much admired and commended this year.

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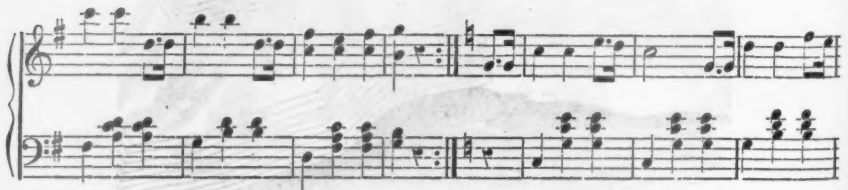
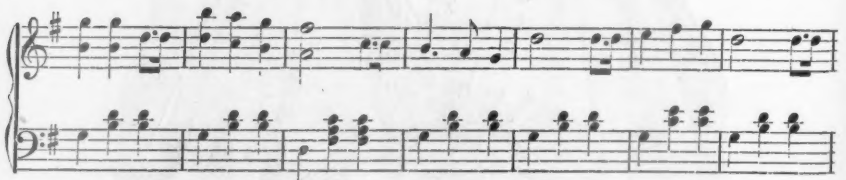
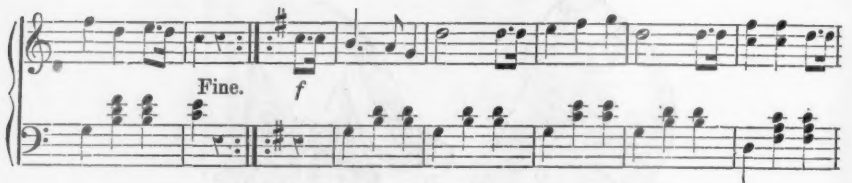
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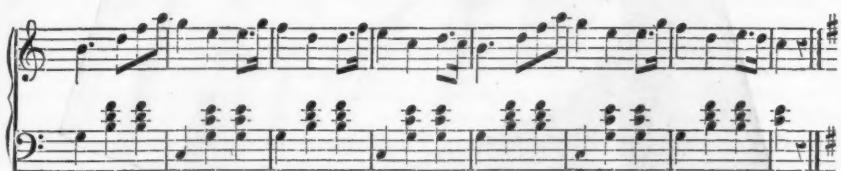
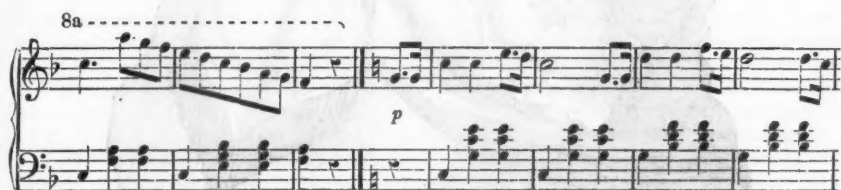
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